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Marjorie

TRIFLES
IN
VERSE.

BY A YOUNG SOLDIER.

VOL. III.

TRIFLES

IN

VERSE.

BY

A YOUNG SOLDIER.

THE SECOND EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Scribimus, indocti, doctique.—

VOL. III.

KELSO:

PRINTED AT THE Union Press,
FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY J. PALMER.
Anno 1785.

Jamaica

THE NEW YORK
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1897

TO THE PUBLIC.

FOR this new intruſion I ſhall offer no other apology than your former indulgence. He who has peruſed the two prior volumes, may judge pretty nearly what kind of entertainment he is to expect from the third: he cannot be deceived a ſecond time;—for, if diſſatisfied with *thoſe*, he will not, probably, venture upon *this*. I have formerly pleaded for ſome allowances; which I flatter myſelf, have been very freely made. Of theſe little Poems I now preſume to offer you, ſeveral were written at Sea; whoever has had the misfortune to make a long voyage in a crowded CLYDE Ship, will, I believe, readily acknowledge that, even when the mind is much more at eaſe than mine really was, few ſituations (if we except a Jail, the JUSTITIA, or a Guineaman with a cargo of COROMANTEES) can be worſe calcu-

lated

lated for Poetical Compoſition. Of the others, I ſhall only obſerve, that they have not been penned in the ſolitude of a Study; but ſcrawled amidſt the buſtle of a Barrack. I aſk but for theſe the ſame degree of candour and good nature my former haſty productions have experienced, for which I ſhall ever conſider myſelf

THE PUBLIC'S

moſt obliged humble ſervant,

Stoneyhill Barracks,
St Andrew's,
Jamaica,
January 22d, 1785.

J. MARJORIBANKS.

ADDENDA*.

EXTEMPORE.

LET Pleaſure take me by ſurprize,
As quickly as the lightning flies!
Nor let her once diſplay her charms,
Until I 'm lock'd within her arms!
The worſt of plagues that man e'er knew
Is Pleaſure ling'ring in his view;
When, curſing ev'ry moment's ſtay,
He counts the tedious hours away.
Before the bliſs become his own,
The ſweets of novelty are flown.
When long expected, pleaſures cloy—
But ſweet's the dear unlook'd for joy!

* The following two Poems did not arrive in time to be inſerted in their proper place, at the end of the volume.

TO

TO MY MUSE.

Jamaica, January, 1785.

OH thou! who once inſpir'd my rhyme,
In what far region doſt thou ſtray?
Forſaking INDIA's radiant clime,
In gayer groves thou canſt not play!

Yet over all their ſweets, I own,
Dull uniformity preſides;
No change of ſeaſon here is known,
But the long year unvaried glides.

With dear variety you dwell,
(Not more thy favourite than mine!)
Imagination loves her well,
And fancy 's no where elſe ſo fine

Alt

Altho' you hate the buſtling throng,
And love in lonely ſhades to lie;
Yet there you only tune your ſong,
'Tis change the ſubject muſt ſupply.

But when beneath a burning ſun,
On lazy couch we liſtleſs loll,
Imagination is undone,
And not a Muſe inſpires the ſoul.

O'er the bleak northern hills you trip,
With ſome ſoft ſighing love-ſick ſwain;
The roſy cheek, the pouting lip,
And fancied angels fill the ſtrain.

Like errant knights, poetic laws
Decree each tender Bard to love;
And his DULCINEA's kind applauſe
Is all the prize he longs to prove.

Tho' if, perhaps, the truth were told,
It need not make him over vain;
More likely ſtill his heart is cold,
And ſhe the creature of his brain.

Capricious Muſe, thou once waſt kind,
And ever ready was my ſong;
But thou art fickle as my mind,
That keeps nor care, nor paſſion long!

Come, let us form a Heav'nly Maid,
So fair as ne'er was form'd before!
In her be ev'ry charm diſplay'd,
And all the Graces deck her o'er!

In her let all the virtues meet!
Be each accompliſhment her own!
Be ſhe ſo wife, ſo good, ſo ſweet,
As never woman yet was known!

How wond'rous fortunate are we,
Who muſter in the Muſe's train!
Each finds a Fair from foibles free,—
Which all men elſe may ſeek in vain.

A dozen goddeſſes I've known,
In half as many little years;
But ſince my faithleſs Muſe has flown,
No goddeſs in my eye appears.

To be ſincere, I ſometimes find
I want ſome more ſubſtantial food.—
"*Th' exalted ſoul! the heav'nly mind!*"—
Pho!—give my Fair One fleſh and blood!

TRIFLES
IN
VERSE.

TO DELIA.

Fairley, Ayrſhire, October 31. 1783.

THO' ſtill I breathe the Britiſh air,
And DELIA's dwelling ſtill is near,
Yet what avail, my charming Fair,
The winds that kindly keep me here?

No boundleſs diſtance yet divides,
No furious oceans yet remove,
Yet could nor winds, nor adverſe tides,
Seclude me more from her I love!

In this ſequeſter'd dull retreat,
The world forgets thy hapleſs Swain,
No friend conſoles my wretched fate,
Or ſoothes an abſent lover's pain!

Still DELIA looks divinely meek,
As when upon thoſe looks I hung;
The roſes ſtill adorn her cheek,
And ſofteſt accents grace her tongue.

But not for me thoſe roſes blow,
Not mine thoſe ſmiles I held ſo dear;
And tho' thy words ſtill ſoftly flow,
They never, never reach my ear!

My fearful fancy paints ſome youth,
More bleſt in fortune and deſert,
Yet not more rich in love and truth,
Who makes a conqueſt of thy heart;—

For whom thy dear expreſſive eyes
With more than uſual ſoftneſs ſhine,
And ſpeak him gainer of the prize
I wiſh'd, but dar'd not fancy mine.

Oh! happy HE! tho' Fortune frown,
However diſtantly he roves,
Who knows the gen'rous heart his own
Of her his ſoul ſincerely loves!

No ſilken couch, no bed of down,
Invites thy wanderer to reſt,
Yet on the truckle bed I 've known
Delights that ſplendor ne'er poſſeſs'd:

Bewitching dreams my cares beguile,
No favour'd rivals there I find,
Now Fortune ſeems at laſt to ſmile,
And (far more pleaſing!) DELIA 's kind!

TO DELICACY.

Ship Jamaica, at Sea, Nov. 12. 1783.

OH DELICACY! dear delightful maid,
In pureſt robes of heav'nly white array'd!
Who give meek Charity a ſofter grace,
And lend new beauties to the faireſt face;
Who place true Virtue in the brighteſt view,
And ſhew her ſhadow where ſhe never grew;
Who teach the plaineſt features to entice,
And leſſen the deformity of vice;
Whoſe preſence ſanctifies the ſtolen joy,
And hinders nuptial happineſs to cloy;
Who watch with unabating zeal and care
The ſlighteſt actions of the Britiſh Fair;
And ſtill attend, embelliſh, and approve
The ev'ry motion of the Maid I love;
Who from its native ruggedneſs refine
A heart that loves ſo tenderly as mine!

Beloved

Beloved goddeſs! none could ever kneel
Before thine altar with more fervent zeal;
But Fate has ſent thy votary to SEA,—
A boiſt'rous element unknown to thee;
And now compels me to forget, a while,
Thy modeſt manner, and thy winning ſmile;
Yet will I ſtill my deity adore,
If ever Fortune ſend me ſafe aſhore!

WRITTEN IN THE SHIP JAMAICA.

At Sea, November 25. 1783.

THE verſe, where tempeſts rage, and billows roar,
The Bard in ſafety may compoſe aſhore;
Snug by his parlour fire he ſits at eaſe,
And rhymes of bluſt'ring winds, and ſtormy ſeas;
In lofty numbers bids the thunders roll,
And ſwelling ſurges ſink the ſeaman's ſoul;
In more pathetic ſtrains he may relate
The ſhipwreck's horrors, and the wretch's fate;

He

He makes the orphan grieve, the widow weep,—
Then calmly takes a comfortable ſleep.

BUT were the pompous Poet doom'd, like me,
In ſober ſadneſs to traverſe the ſea;
No more he 'd verſify the winds and waves,
The rocks, the quickſands, and the wat'ry graves.
The veſſel rolls, the ſtools and tables tumble,
And all the Poet's brains are in a jumble;
Struck with the maſter's roar, the boatſwain's bawl;
He fears a furious tempeſt in the ſquall;
He trembles at the furling of a ſail,
And dire deſtruction rides in ev'ry gale;
His ſtomach 's ſqueamiſh, head as light 's a feather,—
In ſhort, he 's quite be-devil'd altogether.
For this diſeaſe the Muſe ſupplies no phyſic,
She 's either ſulky, vapouriſh, or ſea-ſick.
Should he contrive to tag two lines together,
Slapdaſh! one wave would ſend them Lord knows whither.

From

From whence this ſimple inference muſt follow,
That Neptune 's ſtill at variance with Apollo.

YET ſhall we find the little God of Love
Where the great God of Love durſt never rove;
The flood has quench'd my dull poetic fires,
No verſe delights me, and no Muſe inſpires;
But love's pure flames each hour more ardent glow,
And DELIA 's dearer ev'ry league I go.

TO MY FELLOW PASSENGERS IN THE JAMAICA.

At Sea, November 29. 1783.

TO cards, to dice, to drafts you fly,
To kill the tedious day;
And ev'ry little art you try,
To drive dull thought away.

To me how welcome is the gueſt
You thus unkindly ſlight!
Her preſence ſoothes my aching breaſt,
And fills it with delight.

To former ſcenes of joy or pain
My thoughts for ever ſoar;
The days of bliſs I lead again,—
And ſweet 's the ill that 's o'er!

Again, in early youth, I prove
A mother's tender care;
Again the faithful friends I love
My pains and pleaſures ſhare.

Again my heart delights to melt
In ev'ry fond adieu;
Again renews each joy I 've felt—
Alas! thoſe joys were few!

How poor your trivial ſports appear,
To what my ſoul enjoys!
I trace each feature of my dear,
And hear her charming voice.

Each tender word that e'er ſhe ſpoke
Still vibrates on my ear;
Each gracious ſmile, each winning look,
More pleaſing ſtill appear.

Tho' on the ocean now I roll,
And many a wave divide,
Yet, deareſt DELIA, ſtill my ſoul
Shall haunt thy Tiviot's ſide!

WRITTEN IN THE JAMAICA.

At Sea, December 2. 1783.

IN tedious abſence doom'd to ſtray
Acroſs the ſtormy deep,
How liſtleſs is the livelong day!
How dull does ev'ning creep!

In ev'ry ſtate, in ev'ry clime,
How poorly life 's enjoy'd!
I hope not *here* to *uſe* my time,
I wiſh it but *deſtroy'd*.

When Fortune in my path had ſtrew'd
Some ſweet, but ſhort-liv'd flow'rs,
And DELIA's lovely ſmiles beſtow'd
A few delightful hours;

Amidſt

Amidſt the ſcene of budding joys
Reflection would invade,
And bid me, with a ſcreech-owl's voice,
Forſake the beauteous Maid.

"Ah! ſport of Fortune! why indulge
"The fond, but hopeleſs flame?
"Ah! let nor lips, nor looks divulge
"Thy bold, ungen'rous aim!

"Did Heav'n permit thee, am'rous boy,
"Thy fondeſt wiſh to prove,
"(What thou, perhaps, may ne'er enjoy)
"The ſweets of mutual love;

"The bliſsful moments could not laſt,
"Nor couldſt thou, Soldier, ſtay;
"The dreaded hour approaches faſt,
"That calls thee far away!

" Ah! wouldſt thou wiſh the parting tear
" To dim that radiant eye?
" Or doom the heart thou hold'ſt ſo dear,
" In abſence long to ſigh?"

Be mine alone the heart-felt woe,
My tongue muſt not expreſs!
But let my deareſt never know
One moment of diſtreſs!

Yet ſtill let hope my griefs beguile,
(How falſe ſoe'er it be)
To ſee once more my native iſle,
And find my DELIA free!

TO DELIA.

At Sea, December 6. 1783.

WHILE, the joy and the pride of the plain,
By the ſide of the Tiviot you ſtray,
Do you e'er caſt a thought on the ſwain
From whoſe thoughts you are never away?

While at noon-day you ramble the wood,
Where your Poet delighted to roam,
Was ever my DELIA ſo good
As to wiſh her poor wand'rer at home?

When the thunders tremenduouſly roll,
And the wind ruſtles loud thro' the tree,
Doſt thou e'er, thou dear Queen of my ſoul,
Feel a fear for thy lover at ſea?

Didſt

Didſt thou aſk the dire tempeſt to ſpare,
And forbid the big billows to roar?
Or didſt thou e'er whiſper a prayer,
To ſend me in ſafety aſhore?

But if pity created the tear,
And taught the calm ſigh to ariſe;
Or if friendſhip ſhould dictate the pray'r,—
Theſe are not the tokens I prize! *

Theſe are but the wiſhes that flow
From a natural ſoftneſs of mind;—
To thy love ev'ry bleſſing I 'd owe,—
Or thy wiſhes were cruelly kind!

* This is a palpable contradiction of my ſentimer the preceding poem; but this inconſiſtency is, perl not unnatural. It occurs often in my writings, whic not formed on any regular ſyſtem, but are dictated n ly by the feelings of the moment.

What joy could my heart ever have
In ſo cold a requital from thee?
Then, 'twere fruitleſs, dear DELIA, to ſave
A life ſo inſipid to me!

Indifferent to pleaſure or pain,
The far diſtant deſert I 'd tread;
Or unbleſt might I wander again,
On the once-pleaſant banks of the TWEED!

WRITTEN IN THE JAMAICA*.

At Sea, December 15. 1783.

HERE are Painters, whoſe works are ſo vivid and bold,
You might ſwear they were ready to ſpeak;
Our Muſicians might vie with ſweet Orpheus of old,
And our Bards with the Roman, or Greek.

* Publiſhed in the Jamaica Gazette of the 17th of January, 1784.

But

But nor painting, nor poetry yield us relief;
No muſic can ſoften our woes!
Too ſerious, alas! is the cauſe of our grief—
Our GROG is almoſt at a cloſe!

Oh GROG! thou true ſource of poetical fire!
At leaſt the ſole Muſe of the ſea!
From hence half its magic does muſic acquire,
And the pencil 's embolden'd by thee!

But when thou no longer enliven'ſt our hearts,
Muſic, painting, and poetry pall;
Thou giv'ſt double reliſh to each of the arts,
And without thee, a fig for them all!

TO

TO DELIA.

At Sea, December 21. 1783.

'MIDST ſultry calms, and ſurgeleſs ſeas,
While others fervently implore
The rolling waves and friendly breeze,
To ſend them to their deſtin'd ſhore;

No wiſh invades my faithful breaſt,
(Or faintly flows the feeble pray'r)
To viſit regions ſo unbleſt—
For ah! my DELIA is not there!

From other ſources flows my pain;
My heart far diff'rent wiſhes fill;
I long to turn to thee again,—
And not to leave thee further ſtill!

TO A FRIEND.

At Sea, December 24. 1783.

WERE ever minutes ſo unkind,
Tho' void of preſent joy,
The faithful lover could not find
A method to employ?

Repeat again the melting ſtrain,
Each ardent oath renew,
And let each dear delightful ſcene
Ariſe in fond review!

Each ſmile that, ſeeming to approve,
Had fann'd the youthful flame;
Each look you fancy'd fraught with love,
Each word that kindly came!

Thus ſhall the dear ideas ſmooth
The wand'ring lover's way,
And all his ſorrows ſoftly ſoothe,
Where-e'er he 's doom'd to ſtray.

Amus'd by theſe, the vacant hour
On rapid wings ſhall move—
Elſe has thy heart ne'er felt the pow'r
Of pure exalted love.

To me no hour *inſipid* ſeems,
How *ſad* ſoe'er it be,—
My DELIA haunts my waking dreams
Alike by land and ſea.

TO A FLYING-FISH,

CAUGHT IN THE JAMAICA'S CABBIN WIND

At Sea, December 26. 1783.

AH! moſt diſtinguiſh'd Child of Woes
Of all the ſcaly brood!
Alike the prey of feather'd foes,
And monſters of the flood!

Had Nature, in a fatal hour
Indulgent to thy pride,
Ne'er granted thy amphibious pow'r
To quit thy native tide;

If deep in waves you wanton'd ſtill,
And knew no region more,
Then had you met no murd'ring bill,
To ſeize you as you ſoar.

But hoſtile ſtill alike you find
Each element you try;
Deſtruction waits your helpleſs kind,
Or when they ſwim, or fly.

But when thou fledd'ſt the finny race,
And eager bird of prey,
Was this, miſtaken Wretch! a place
Where thou could'ſt ſafely ſtray?

The fierceſt tyrant of the deeps,
The keeneſt bird of prey,
Their hunger quench'd, their fury ſleeps,—
But MAN deſtroys in play!

WRIT-

WRITTEN IN THE JAMAICA

At Sea, December 27. 1783.

LONG on boundleſs billows bore,
All our proſpect ſea and ſkies,
Let, oh Heav'n! ſome friendly ſhore
Greet at laſt our longing eyes!

Tho' no herbage deck the mead,
And no tree adorn the hill;
Tho' no playful lambkins feed,
And no limpid waters rill;

Tho' no feather'd warbler's lay
Carrol thro' the lonely iſle;
Tho' no loves e'er frolic gay,
And no graces ever ſmile;

Tho' with ſuch a ſparing hand
Nature bleſs the barren ſoil,
Yet the welcome ſight of land
Soothes the weary ſeaman's toil *.

TO THE FOWLS

IN THE HEN-COOP.

At Sea, December 31. 1783.

AH! wretched creatures! doom'd no more
Sweet liberty to taſte;
Nor from the barn's abundant ſtore
To take your rich repaſt!

* The firſt land we expected to make was the deſert iſland of Deſeada.—This evening we made Guadaloupe, Antigua, Montſerrat, &c. and next morning Nevis, St. Chriſtopher's, St. Euſtatia, &c.

No more on flow'ry banks to feed,
Nor ſip the cryſtal rill;
Farewell the orchard, lawn, or mead,
You lov'd to wander ſtill!

No more to climb the verdant hill,
Or cull the graſs-grown wood;
But at the careleſs ſeaboy's will
To peck your ſcanty food!

No more from early dawn to roam
With unimpair'd delight,
And find the well-known rooſt at home,
To paſs the peaceful night!

Since no ambition e'er allur'd
Your ſimple hearts to range,
In bliſsful ignorance ſecur'd
From ev'ry wiſh to change;

Tho' man, to avarice a ſlave,
To ev'ry region flew,
Yet why ſhould you be fore'd to brave
An element ſo new?

Before to-morrow's ſun ſhall ſet,
Perhaps the murd'ring knife
May take what little 's left you yet,
The poor remains of life!

But while within the narrow cage
Thus cruelly confin'd,
Ah! think not man exhauſts his rage
Upon your humble kind!

For many a wretch of human race
Have human paſſions made!—
The thirſt of gain can ſpare no place
For pity to invade!

What joy the conſciouſneſs would yield,
While now you hopeleſs pine,
That human wretches dig the field,
And labour in the mine!

Or could you view the fœtid cell,
Where legal captives lie;—
There, for the want of gold, they dwell,—
Or for its ſake they die!

Ah! why has induſtry explor'd
The deepeſt womb of earth,
To plague alike the world's proud lord,
And all of humbler birth?

WRITTEN AT SEA,

WITHIN SIGHT OF HISPANIOLA*.

January 2. 1784.

MINGLED with the clouds and ſkies,
When the mountains firſt appear,
See our wild tranſported eyes
Speak by turns our hope and fear!

Now we plainly can perceive
Rocks and hills in diſtant view;
Now we ſcarcely dare believe
What we 'd fondly fancy true.

When in doubt no longer loſt,
All is obvious to the ſight,
How we gaze upon the coaſt
With unſpeakable delight!

* Publiſhed in the Jamaica Gazette, January 10. 1784.

Ah! how exquiſite the pleaſure!—
Ev'ry fear and danger o'er!—
When no more the way we meaſure,
But in ſafety tread the ſhore!

Ah! what verdure crowns the mountain!
Ah! what foliage decks the wood!
Ah! how ſweetly flows the fountain!
When we firſt eſcape the flood!

All the fragrance of the roſe,
All the beauties of the plain,
Only half their ſweets diſcloſe,
Ere we wander o'er the main.

TO MYSELF.

At Sea, off Jamaica, January 4. 1784.

AT laſt the wiſh'd-for coaſt is near,
The tedious voyage o'er!
But what attachments haſt thou here
To hail thee to the ſhore?

Alas! no long-expecting ſire
Shall bleſs his much-lov'd boy!
Nor ſhall the tender ſcene inſpire
A mother's heart with joy!

No friend with wide extended arms
Shall claſp thee to his breaſt!
Nor in the virgin's ripen'd charms
Thy faithful love be bleſs'd!

Ah!

Ah! where the rapture-painted cheek,
The love-delighted eye,
That in emphatic ſilence ſpeak
The bliſs for words too high?

No well-known wood, no fav'rite rill,
From old acquaintance dear,
In ſpite of abſence valu'd ſtill,
As long-loſt friends appear!

No darling ſcene that calls to mind
The hour exempt from care;
No dear companions ſhalt thou find,
Each paſtime wont to ſhare!

To thee how deſolate the ſhore
Where no ſoft tie invites!—
But let thy ſanguine heart once more
Anticipate delights!

Again pourtray the Britiſh Iſle
Within thy eager view!
Again reſtore thy DELIA's ſmile,
And friends for ever true!

EXTEMPORE.

To MR ——— ———.

On his ſhooting at a bird, called a BOOBY.

AH! wouldſt thou wiſh, for paſtime, or for food,
To ſhed, raſh fratricide! thy kindred blood?
Nor Bear, nor Tyger, preys upon a brother;—
Why ſhould one BOOBY, then, deſtroy another?

THE

THE FALLIBILITY OF OPINIONS FORMED OF MEN's ABILITIES AT FIRST SIGI

WHAT falſe ideas haſty fancy draws!
What groundleſs cenſure! what abſurd applau
The moſt judicious often widely ſtrays,
Whene'er too ready or to blame, or praiſe.
Egregious folly, or ſtupenduous wit,
Are ſurely no way difficult to hit;
Yet, judging from a ſuperficial view,
We often mingle and miſtake the two.
In place of genius, oft have we admir'd,
The eaſy air in camps and courts acquir'd:
His ſelf-importance, and exterior ſhew,
Procure attention to the town-bred beau;
So firm his look, ſo glibly runs his tongue,
He 's ever plauſible, tho' often wrong.
Variety, and frequent change of ſcene,
Give new ideas to the dulleſt brain;

Factiti

Factitious wit in ready language flows,—
An art which knowledge of the world beſtows;
But ſurely purchas'd at no eaſy price,
Since taught moſt truly in the ſchools of vice.
He who has frolick'd oft, or wander'd far,
Or trode the buſy, chequer'd paths of war,
Not only finds freſh ſubject of diſcourſe,
But ſpeaks with greater confidence and force;
A thouſand incidents he hears and ſees,
If well related, always ſure to pleaſe;
To the ſame ſource 'tis natural to trace,
The art of telling them with proper grace.
The various characters he muſt have known,
Would render him acceptable, alone;
Fools and extravagants a fund afford
For entertainment at the feſtive board;
And wit which in a foreign ſoil has grown,
He uſes as the product of his own;
His hackney'd heart no palpitations ſeize,
But amidſt crowds he ſpeaks and acts with eaſe.

THE Man of Science, cramp'd by rigid ru
And all the ſtiff formality of ſchools,
Long to a college diſcipline confin'd,
And ſtranger to the manners of mankind;
If from his ſtudy he attempt to ſtray,
And mingle with the forward and the gay,
So ill their ſubjects his ideas ſuit,
He joins with diffidence, or ſits a mute;
The converſation diſſolute and free,
The lively chat, the ready repartee,
So ill adapted to ſcholaſtic ears,
With ſhame, confuſion, and contempt he hea
But ſhould he, conſcious of interior worth,
In converſation dare to venture forth,
To learn'd authorities he flies for aid,
And ſyſtematically would perſuade;
While ſome bold blockhead, with unblushing ch
His words ſtill ready, tho' his reaſons weak,

Atten

Attempts not to confute, but to confound,
And drowns his want of argument in ſound;
His aukward manner, and his fault'ring voice,
O'erpow'r'd by bleſt effrontery and noiſe,
The baſhful ſcholar finds his learning vain,
And ſhrinks to inſignificance again.
Or ſhould he try to imitate, a while,
The *buckiſh* manners, ſentiments, and ſtile;
He wears ſo clumſily his borrow'd plumes,
So forc'd the mirth and humour he aſſumes,
That all may ſee how ill his follies fit,
Yet never once ſuſpect him for a wit.

THUS, ſhould we raſhly judge of them at once,
Genius may ſeem a booby and a dunce;
While pert aſſuming ignorance may ſhine,
And gain applauſe from wiſer heads than mine.

EXTEMPORE.

To Mr ——— ———.

YOU ſwear that Jackey 's a good humou
creature—
With fools mere folly paſſes for good nature

To Mr ———.

AN WOULD-BE WIT.

THE ſlighteſt wound inflicts the keeneſt ſm
And rankles deeply in the wretch's heart;
The ſorry jeſt, which in ſome happier hour,
To raiſe reſentment had poſſeſs'd no pow'r,
Whoſe ſilly ſentiment, and vulgar ſtile,
Had but extorted a contemptuous ſmile,
While under Melancholy's pow'r I pine,
Can hurt me—even when ſo low as thine.

But while in ſullen ſilence I ſubmit,
Aſcribe not all the triumph to thy wit;—
Were other circumſtances as they ought,
'Twere never honour'd with a ſecond thought.

To Mr ———.

A COXCOMB.

OUR wags at laſt muſt tacitly admit
That Folly 's no bad antidote to Wit;
In vain at thee their ridicule they aim,
Whoſe cheek has never own'd the ſenſe of ſhame;
Nor plain reproof, nor irony of praiſe,
In thee the leaſt uneaſineſs can raiſe;
The ſhafts of ſatire innocently fall,—
Secure in ignorance, thou ſcorn'ſt them all:—
For ſatire 's ſurely a moſt harmleſs thing,
To him who never could perceive its ſting.

TO LIEUTENANT ——

IF there 's on earth a bliſs that never cloys,
Is not beneficence that firſt of joys?
Say, (for thou haſt the happineſs to know)
How ſweet to mitigate a brother's woe!
To bind his grateful heart, a willing ſlave,
In ties ſtill ſtronger than what nature gave!
Oh! bliſsful union, I can never prove,
Where friendſhip dignifies fraternal love!
But ah! how much more exquiſitely bleſt,
To ſooth the anguiſh of a parent's breaſt!
To bid the frowns of adverſe fortune ceaſe,
And pour upon him competence and peace!
To ſee the hoary father's languid eye
Again enliven'd with paternal joy!
To teach the tear of happineſs to ſeek
The rev'rend furrows of the mother's cheek

How ſweet to gratify, with filial care,
Each want, each wiſh, their ſlighteſt looks declare!
Long may'ſt thou exerciſe the pious taſk!—
The higheſt pleaſure ſuch a heart can aſk.—
Long may the fond parental pray'r ariſe,
Which ſtill muſt meet acceptance in the ſkies!
And to thy merit, and their pray'rs be given,
Each bleſſing ever taſted under Heaven!

Death of one parent has my youth bereft,
Yet Heav'n was bounteous in the one he left!
Ah! would the gods beſtow the pow'r on me,
In acts of duty but to copy thee!
How truly pleaſing would the taſk appear,
From the dear widow's eyes to wipe each mournful tear.

A SOLITARY EVENING MEDITATION.

AH! why does nature cruelly impart
A ſenſibility acutely fine,
A haughty ſpirit, and a feeling heart,
That ſuit ſo ill an adverſe fate like mine?

Or why has fortune rigidly denied
Bleſt independence?—truly precious dow'r!
Whate'er could gratify a gen'rous pride,
Or ſcreen me from the inſolence of pow'r?

If diſappointment muſt purſue me ſtill,
And fortune ever obſtinately frown;
If I muſt ſuffer ev'ry kind of ill,
That e'er unhappy wanderer has known;

Then take, kind Heav'n! this painful pride away,
And blunt this ſenſibility of foul!
Grant but the drowſy night and careleſs day
In peaceful inſipidity to roll!

I aſk no lively ecſtacies of joy,—
For hope has ceas'd to flatter and betray!—
Let trembling tenderneſs no more annoy,
Content I 'd doze my liſtleſs life away!

TO THE SAGACIOUS AND CANDID AUTHOR OF THE CRITICIS ON THE VERSES WRITTEN AT LAMI IN ARRAN, OCTOBER 3. 1783*.

Jamaica, January 25. 1784.

[Publiſhed in the Jamaica Gazette, January 2

BUT little practis'd in ſatiric ſtrain,
My Muſe ne'er prided in inflicting pain;
Oft has ſhe pictur'd, in the ruſtic grove,
The tear of pity, and the ſmile of love;

* See Verſes WRITTEN AT LAMLASH, Vol. II. 168, which, having found their way into the Ja Gazette of January 21ſt, drew upon me, in the G of the 24th, the following Attack.

To MR J. M—RJ——S,
AUTHOR OF THE VERSES, &c.

SWEET Child in Verſe, and Boy in Love,
Join Arran's ever ruſtic throng;
There will the ſcenes for ever prove
Well ſuited to thy frigid ſong.

With ev'ry ſoft emotion apt to glow,
She ſhar'd each friend's delight, and wept his woe.
Lightly ſhe trode her native banks of Tweed,
And cull'd each flow'r that bloſſom'd on the mead;
At

If there content alone was found,
What horrid phrenzy drove thee here?
Why leave the genius of the ground?
You ſhould be whipp'd for ev'ry tear.
Then fly, ſweet Bard, from learning's ſchools,
They 'll make thy verſeful wit unſound;
Enjoy at eaſe her native fools,
Make one with ignorance profound.
'Twas cruel in the mountains bleak,
To let ambition ſend thee here;
No, you ſhould there for ever ſeek
Your native clay-cold Dear,
Whoſe froſt-bit lips, and ruddy cheeks,
Not fit for love till twenty five;
The vivid blood then youthful breaks,
She finds herſelf begin to live.
Tell him they 're loſt to ſoft deſire,
Till half the beſt of life is run:
How ſhould he judge of love's fierce fire,
Born with the Children of the Sun.

At morn ſhe 'd climb the gently-ſloping hil
At noon recline her by the lonely rill;
But in the gayeſt hour ſhe ever knew,
Still to humanity her heart was true;

Yes, we believe you madly ſtray'd,
But not from any richer ſoils;
And why affront each blooming maid
That grace theſe happy Weſtern Iſles?
And ſure he muſt be more ſincere,
Who from his beaut'ous charmer ſtrays,
Than him who, conſtant to his dear,
Thro' life ſtill counts his happy days.
And yet a reaſon may be found,
That makes the matter very clear;
You wiſely left that barren ground,
To ſeek a little fortune here.
We ſhould condemn, could we believe,
A madneſs ne'er infecting you:
What pity that you cann't deceive,
To judge of pangs we never knew.
Then, gentle youth, return again,
A ſight at Arran very rare;
And melt her ſnows with your hot pain,
Conſign'd to poverty and care.

A C—R—E—O—I

xle aſperſions wont her verſe to fill;
dom brilliant, inoffenſive ſtill.

ı Arran's coaſt, a *weſtern* clime to me,
by a mandate of the wind and ſea,
ıe ſtrange ſhore a heart that ne'er could feign,
'd forth its ſorrows in an artleſs ſtrain!
while I prais'd the Maid I left behind,
ıe the faireſt of her lovely kind,
could I dream to be miſunderſtood,
ıjure Beauties far acroſs the flood?
to degrade a ſoil I never trode?
unoffending, fear the critic's rod?

IOKEFUL of ſpleen, but deſtitute of ſkill,
ıin you brandiſh your malignant quill;
unprovok'd, you aim a deadly ſting,
ıping verſe you innocently ſing;
ıin you dip 'em o'er and o'er with gall,
ſhafts, recoiling, impotently fall.

WHATE'ER

WHATE'ER the motive was you think ſo cle
I ne'er had roam'd in queſt of learning here;
For never was it underſtood before,
She fix'd her empire on this Indian ſhore.
From the mild land of liberty I came,
Where poets only dread the want of fame;
No *whips*, nor ſcourges, curb the free and bra
Who ſcorn to ſtile a human being *ſlave!*
Bleſt realm! where freedom gladdens ev'ry ſp
The prince's palace, and the peaſant's cot!
Where from the great the mean may claim redr
And petty tyrants dare not to oppreſs!
Our fair, indeed, no ſultry ſunſhine warms,
Slowly they reach, but long retain their charms.
Say, is the length of infancy too dear,
For youth that flouriſhes thro' many a year?
Yet not to Britain beauty is confin'd;
Each clime produces its peculiar kind;

The fair, the black, the yellow, or the brown,
Each region happily prefers its own.—
We in our choice for ever fondly ſeek
The lip of ruby, and the roſy cheek.—
Oh beſt of bleſſings! ill exchang'd for wealth!
Still give my love the crimſon glow of health!

CHILD OF THE SUN!—ah no! thy frigid ſoul
Seems, from thy verſe, a native of the pole.
The ſooty race that ſcorch on Afric's coaſt,
Or the wild Carribb, ſuch deſcent may boaſt;
But thou! tranſplanted from ſome colder zone,
Dar'ſt thou aſſume this lineage as thine own?
Perhaps I wrong thee, tho'!—thy mongrel brood
May ſhew ſome tincture of the negro blood;
But in thy verſe tho' ſuch a mixture run,
Thou art at beſt, a *Baſtard of the Sun;*
Whatever name he take, or trade he follow,
He ſurely ne'er begot thee as Apollo!

With

With all the malice of thy motley tribe,
A poor, inſipid, deſpicable ſcribe,
Whoſe narrow mind takes in one claſs alone,
And ſcorns all country's natives but thine own,
Thou ſcrawl'ſt (ſad ſymptom of a ſterile brain!)
The hackneyed ſubject of each witling's ſtrain.—
May SCOTIA, ever temperate and free,
Find all her foes contemptible like thee!
Could I their proper puniſhment aſſign,
I 'd curſe each caitiff with a Muſe like thine.

TO

TO THE
AUTHOR OF THE VERSES
(SIGNED) AN ENGLISHWOMAN*.

February 8. 1784.

[Published in the Jamaica Gazette, Feb. 14. 1784.]

LIKE thine, fair Bard, my tender Muſe
Delights in themes of love:
Nor would ſhe e'er unwiſely chuſe
In rougher paths to rove.

In

* In the Jamaica Gazette of February 7th, there appeared the following Addreſs to the Author of the Verſes written at the Iſle of Arran.

WHILST with ſuch eaſe thy numbers flow,
Dear Scotia's Bard keep on the ſtrain;
Thy Muſe can make our boſoms glow,
And well deſcribe a fever's pain.
Still think thy love the brighteſt fair,
Thoſe Weſtern Maids admit the claim;
No envious paſſion gives them care,
She's handſome, they are too the ſame.
Child of the Sun†, I pray be cool,
Nor let thy paſſion ſoar too high;

† *To Creole.*

In artleſs numbers ſtill I 'd breathe
The tale devoid of guile;
And lightly prize the laurel wreath,
Compar'd to DELIA's ſmile.

No rancour did my verſe expreſs,
No ſpleen my heart annoy;
I 'd ſoftly ſooth each friend's diſtreſs,
And ſhare in all his joy.

In love the Poet has no rule,
The ſubject wafts him to the ſky.
Moſt wrongly done to vex thy ſoul,
Invectives ſuit not men of ſenſe:
Who can the will of Heav'n control,
And J—s but chides in ſelf-defence.
But huſh! be calm, this once agree:
Each praiſe the maid they moſt approve,
And let th' impartial public ſee
Which ſweeteſt ſings the notes of love.
Gay ſhall his head with wreaths be crown'd,
Each faithful lover give him praiſe;
The fair ſhall ſpread his fame around,
And Phœbus deck him o'er with bays.

AN ENGLISHWOM

But did malicious foes provoke,
A feeling quick and ſtrong,
Forth in a blaze my paſſion broke,—
But never triumph'd long.

At once each ſpark of anger flew,
My heart had felt to glow,—
In love and friendſhip ever true,
But fickle as a foe.

The *Critic's* unprovok'd abuſe
No more employ'd my thought,
But was, ere you proclaim'd a truce,
Forgiven,—and forgot.

I boaſt, mild Poeteſs, no ſkill
To charm the raviſh'd ear;
My numbers flow unſtudied ſtill,
Still ſimple and ſincere.

In ſweeter verſe, by nicer art,
Be other loves diſplay'd!
No Bard e'er own'd a truer heart,
Or ſung a fairer Maid.

By me unhurt, the hoſtile ſwain,
The critical Creole,
If e'er he feel a lover's pain,
May warble forth his ſoul.

But did I think my verſe ſo ill,
To vie with ſuch a ſtrain,
I'd d——n my Muſe, I'd burn my Quill,
And never rhyme again*.

RE

* In the Gazette of February 11th, there appeared a very rude anſwer from the CREOLE to the ENGLISH WOMAN, who replied to him in proſe in the next paper; at the ſame time ſhe was pleaſed to inſert a poetical panegyric on me; in return to which I publiſhed in the Gazette of February 18th, the following lines the firſt eight of them are borrowed from Vol. II Page 46: LOVE PREFERRED TO FAME.

TO

REFLECTIONS

IN THE WOODS NEAR STONEYHILL BARRACKS, ST ANDREW'S, JAMAICA.

[Publiſhed in the Jamaica Gazette, March 6. 1784.]

THE mountains ting'd with many a dye,
The ſweet ſcqueſter'd dell,
Yield all that 's pleaſing to the eye,
Or grateful to the ſmell.

TO THE ENGLISHWOMAN.

THE approbation of the fair and wiſe,
Of taſte and ſenſibility I prize;
I mind no Critics, nor their rules of art,
If I can pleaſe and touch the tender heart.
If o'er my woes the man of feeling ſigh,
Or beauty read them with a melting eye,—
By ſuch applauſe my heart were more conſol'd
Than if ten thouſand pedants had extoll'd.
Whoever cenſure or approve my lays,
I ſhall be happy to deſerve thy praiſe.

AND as good nature taught thy verſe to flow,
Long on thy cheek may health and beauty glow!
While haggard looks, and eyes that wildly roll,
Still ſpeak the malice of the fickly ſoul.

A thouſand bloſſoms ſcent the air,
To botaniſt unknown;
The groves eternal foliage wear,
And fruits they yield alone.

So gay each landſcape we behold,
So pictureſque, ſo new,
That whatſoever fiction told
Seems realiz'd to view.

The richeſt, moſt romantic ſcenes
E'er fruitful fancy drew,
In fairy realms, or magic reigns,
Seem now but barely true.

New life the pencil muſt acquire
Theſe beauteous wilds to trace;
And here the Muſes muſt inſpire
A new deſcriptive grace.

Where genial Nature ſeems to ſmile
In everlaſting ſpring,
Amongſt thy ſweets, delightful iſle,
Say, lurks there any ſting?

Alas! beneath thy treach'rous charms
The felleſt poiſon 's hid;
Thy ev'ry beauty's big with harms,
To ſtrike the wand'rer dead!

Deſtructive hurricanes o'erpow'r
The careful planter's toil;
And earthquakes greedily devour,
Thy rich luxuriant ſoil!

Thy faireſt ſhrubs, thy gayeſt trees,
A deadly harveſt bear;
And vapours, pregnant with diſeaſe,
Infeſt thy fragrant air!

And, ſay! whoſe labour helps to rear
The richeſt fruits you yield?—
The ſlave who never hopes to ſhare
The produce of the field!

On Britain's cold, inconſtant clime,
No ſultry ſummer glows;
Her natives, more than half their time,
Muſt wade thro' wint'ry ſnows.

The froſt congeals the limpid flood,
And nips the ſhort-liv'd flow'r;—
All nature ſeems in mournful mood,
To feel the baneful pow'r.

How bare the lawn, how bleak the hill!
No herbage decks the mead!
The wood is ſtripp'd, the waters ſtill,
And vegetation dead!

ut Spring returns!—The budding flow'rs
Appear in youth again,
nd Nature ſtrains her long-loſt pow'rs,
To grace the vernal plain.

pon the frugal, happy ſwain
Autumnal treaſures flow;—
or no harſh maſter reaps the grain
The Sons of Freedom ſow.

he chilling blaſt may bare the plain,
The flow'rs may diſappear,
ut Health and all her ruddy train
Attend the varying year.

Midſt northern gales, and ſtorms of ſnow,
No milder clime they ſeek;
But teach the active blood to flow,
And paint the crimſon cheek.

THUS, PLEASURE, with inſidious charms,
Allures the youthful eye;
And in the fair enchantreſs' arms,
Entranc'd, he loves to lie.

Where-e'er he turns, he fondly meets
A gaudy ſcene in view,
That ſeems to bud with endleſs ſweets,
And joys for ever new.

But while ſecure the wanton treads
The gay voluptuous path,
A ſudden ſcene of gloom ſucceeds,
Diſeaſe, deſpair, and death!

In humble, tho' in neat array,
Does TEMPERANCE appear;
But rough and chearleſs is the way
She chuſes ſtill to ſteer.

No fruits o'erhang the rugged road,
No flow'rs beguile our feet;
But rocks and precipices nod,
And loud the billows beat!

Yet perſeverance may ſubdue
The long and weary way;
Then ſhall the happy pilgrim view
A landſcape ever gay.

A goddeſs fairer far than wealth,
Shall be his faithful guide,
And ever youthful roſy Health
Shall frolic by his ſide.

TO THE FAIR READERS OF THE KELSO CHRONICLE*.

Stoneyhill Barracks, Jamaica, Feb. 25.

A WAND'RING Youth, ſweet Nymphs
Inſcribes his ſong to you;
And, on this diſtant Indian ſhore,
Still boaſts a heart that 's true.

'Twas your applauſe I fondly ſought
In ev'ry tender ſtrain;
By you in abſence long forgot,
My verſe has flow'd in vain!

Did e'er one friendly wiſh repay
The ſighs I breath'd for you?
Or did the fates, that bid me ſtray,
Refuſe your favour too?

* Publiſhed in the Kelſo Chronicle May 14. 1;

Tho' Nature *here*, profuſely gay,
In all her pride appear;
And ſummer's bright prolific ray
Enliven all the year;

Tho' charms that Europe ne'er could boaſt,
Embelliſh ev'ry ſcene;
The ſtream that never knew a froſt,
The grove for ever green;

Tho' endleſs beauties overſpread
The wood-emboſom'd dale;
And high the mountain rears his head,
As verdant as the vale:

Yet ſtill to Britain's frigid clime
Will reſtleſs fancy roam;
Amidſt the brilliant and ſublime,
She ſeeks her humble home!

With

With partial pencil paints each ſweet
In full perfection *there;*
And to that little lov'd retreat
Gives all that 's good and fair!

To me ſuch objects of delight
No region e'er ſupplied;
Nor e'er did beauty bloom ſo bright
As on your Tiviot's ſide.

Your faithful Poet takes a long,
Perhaps a *laſt* adieu!
Yet ſtill thoſe charms ſhall grace my ſong
That ne'er may bleſs my view!

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

OF A VERY AMIABLE DISPOSITION, BUT DEFORMED IN HIS PERSON.

WHEN firſt I view'd thy aukward frame,
Which nature form'd in ſportful ſpite,
I muſt acknowledge, to my ſhame,
Thou waſt not pleaſing to my ſight.

But when, acquainted with thy worth,
I had explor'd each mental charm,
Then brightly ſhone thy beauties forth,—
Thy love ſincere, thy friendſhip warm.

Complacent, gentle, and ſerene,
Thy boſom knows no angry ſtorms;
No diſcontent, no fretful ſpleen,
No envy of more beauteous forms.

Good

Good humour, flowing from the heart,
Adorns each feature of thy face,
New models ev'ry ſhapeleſs part,
And lends to ev'ry limb a grace.

Thou firſt of charms! Good-Humour, hail!
Thou ſource of harmony and eaſe!
Without thy aid, the faireſt fail,
With thee the plaineſt learn to pleaſe.

TO THE PACKET IN SIGHT.

Kingſton, Jamaica, March 5. 1784.

NOW the anxious politician
Scarcely can his joys endure,
Mad to know what ſtate-phyſician
Undertakes the nation's cure.

Now

Now with ſelfiſh, ſordid pleaſure
Shall the merchant's heart run o'er,
When he finds his darling treaſure
Landed on the deſtin'd ſhore.

I, remov'd at humble diſtance
From the wealthy and the great,
Care not who may lend aſſiſtance
To the plunder of the ſtate.

Since, alike in *real* merit,
Each would Fortune's favour win;
Since I ne'er can hope to ſhare it,
What care I who 's out or in?

I can boaſt no glitt'ring treaſure
On the ſeas, or on the ſhore;
And but mod'rate were the meaſure
I would aſk of ſuch a ſtore.

Yet my heart, with fond impatience,
Pants to ſee thee drawing near;—
Not to learn the fate of nations,—
But for tidings of my Dear.

Friendſhip, that ne'er knew deluſion,
Shall its ſoothing balm impart;
And the ſweet, the fond effuſion
Of a tender mother's heart.

Tho' coy Fortune ne'er careſs me,
From ambition now I 'm free;
Only tell me (and you 'll bleſs me)
That my Fair-one thinks of me!

ON MY BEING
DISAPPOINTED OF LETTERS
BY THE PACKET.

Stoneyhill Barracks, March 8. 1784.

DISAPPOINTMENT, muſt thou ever
Wait on ev'ry wiſh of mine?
Wilt thou, dæmon, never, never!
Thy tyrannic ſway reſign?

Tho' I know that Fortune's favour
Ne'er ſhall pour her treaſures *here*;
Tho' hard Fate has bid me ſever
From whate'er my heart held dear;

Yet tho' oceans roll between us,
Tho' in diſtant zones we dwell,
Still my ſoul might find ſereneneſs
From the ſource it loves ſo well.

Oft I've cried, with fond emotion,
While the tear diſdain'd controul,
" Bear me where thou wilt, wide ocean,
" Friendſhip ſtill ſhall chear my ſoul!

" Since of joys thou haſt bereft me,
" Great as e'er thou canſt repay,
" Thou, in recompence, ſhalt waft me
" Bleſſings ſweet almoſt as they!

" Tho' no more the ſoft expreſſion
" Lend its muſic to my ear,
" Yet, by thy kind interceſſion,
" Still its image ſhall appear!

" As I fondly trace each letter,
" Which the hand of friendſhip drew,
" I ſhall fancy each lov'd feature
" At the moment in my view.

See the lip ſtill ſoftly ſoothing!
" See the eye ſtill fondly gaze!
See the hand ſtill kindly ſmoothing
" All my rough and rugged ways!"

ut this bliſs like ev'ry other,
This laſt comfort is denied!
1! can abſence ever ſmother
Friendſhips long and often tried?

re at leaſt, it ne'er could alter,
Whoſoe'er inconſtant prove,
ips, ye quiver! voice, you falter!)
The moſt tender mother's love!

o! alas! ſome ſad diſaſter
Holds the dear maternal hand!
eep ſhe ſighs! her tears flow faſter,
Since I left my native land!

Fancy

Fancy paints pale friendſhip lying
On the bed of ſtern diſeaſe,
On my name, in frenzy, crying,—
Tho' divided by the ſeas!

Friends, my dear and only treaſure,
All my joys are plac'd in you!
Then adieu to ev'ry pleaſure,
If you 're wretched, or untrue!

ON BEING AWAKED
FROM A PLEASANT DREAM,
BY THE DRUMS BEATING THE LONG ROLL
FOR A FIELD-DAY.

Stoneyhill Barracks, April 11. 1784.

N ſoft ſlumbers as I lay,
Loſt in viſions of delight,
he dear Maid I mourn by day
In idea bleſs'd the night.

it ah! ſcarcely had my ſoul
Met the miſtreſs of its choice,
'hen the drum's tremenduous roll
Rous'd me from my fancied joys.

oud incentive to deſtroy!
Cruel harbinger of war!
hou who charm'ſt the vent'rous boy
To the fatal field afar!

Thou

Thou who call'ſt to death and wounds!
Prompter to the ſword and ſpear!
As thy martial muſic ſounds
Hateful to the widow's ear;

As the orphan war has made,
Does thy notes with horror hear;
Thus unwelcome they invade,
When thou wak'ſt me from my Dear!

TO RECOLLECTION.

AH! cruel Recollection, ceaſe
A tender heart to pain!
Nor paint thoſe hours of joy and peace,
I ne'er ſhall taſte again!

hy thus partially diſplay
'etroſpect untrue?—
i thou recall'ſt the joyous day,
:ite its ſorrows too!

latt'ring voice records the ſweets
ev'ry pleaſing ſcene,
ever willingly repeats
: pangs that lay between.

iours, alas! exempt from care
! e'er the fates allow;
)ys were ever wond'rous rare,—
)' ne'er ſo rare as now!

TO THE WORTHY MEMBERS OF THE EUROPEAN CLUB*.

Stoneyhill Barracks, Jamaica, April 19. 178

[Publiſhed in the Jamaica Gazette, April 21. and in t
Britiſh Chronicle, Sept. 24. 1784.]

HOW ſlow do prejudices wear away,
Even where knowledge darts her brighteſt ra
In realms where genius wanders unconfin'd,
And bliſsful liberty exalts the mind;

Wh

* Thirty years conſtant reſidence in Jamaica is an
diſpenſible qualification to procure admiſſion into this
ſpectable Society.—It conſiſts, at preſent, of almoſt a
dred members, all natives of Europe.—The deſign of
inſtitution is to ſhew, that the ideas entertained in
tain of the unhealthineſs of this climate are ill found

This Poem does not entirely coincide with what I h
ſaid formerly of this iſland; but the reader may, i
pleaſe, ſuppoſe that I was then under the influence of
original prejudices, which may have wore off by a lo
acquaintance with the country.

Where ſuperſtition dare depreſs no more,
Nor hinder active induſtry to ſoar.
Tho' information flow from either pole,
Still prepoſſeſſions cloud the vulgar ſoul!
Still with chimeras the weak mind is fraught,
By nurſes tattled, or by pedants taught;
Nay, ev'n the moſt enlighten'd often find
Habitual errors lurking ſtill behind.
What nation truly liberal can be,
Since from theſe fetters BRITAIN is not free?
How does credulity her ſons beguile
To form falſe notions of *this* beauteous iſle!
How does ſhe paint " eternal clouds to lour,
" Earthquakes to ſhake, and hurricanes o'erpow'r;
" Or (inconſiſtent!) ſcorching beams to beat
" With conſtant and intolerable heat;
" Or do the winds theſe deadly heats appeaſe,
" Still Death triumphant rides on ev'ry breeze;
" Each livid cheek does ſickneſs ſeem to ſtain;
" Each limb enfeebled; ev'ry nerve in pain;

" And ever trembling for the fatal doom,
" Each wretch but ſeems to totter to his tomb."
The ſon, or huſband, deſtin'd to this ſhore,
The wife, or parent, weeps him as no more;
How do they claſp, in ecſtacies of pain,
The breaſt they ne'er expect to claſp again!
How do their eyes the wanderer purſue
They never, never, hope again to view!

BUT had the truth been candidly declar'd,
How many tears, how many ſighs were ſpar'd!
Their hearts no more deſpair would entertain,
But, while they parted, hope to meet again.
Cur'd of this vain, abſurd, and groundleſs fear
Then ev'ry art had emigrated *here;*
No froſts to chill, no wint'ry blaſts to ſpoil,
Gay had they flouriſh'd in this genial ſoil;
And, 'midſt the ſmiles of happineſs and health,
Richly were induſtry repaid by wealth.

To prove the Britiſh prejudice untrue,
Ye gen'rous Veterans, I inſtance YOU;
You who by ſtrong examples would remove
Each baſe aſperſion from the Iſle you love.
As inſalubrious who this clime would brand,
That views your num'rous venerable band?
Where is the feeble frame, or pallid cheek,
Our prepoſſeſſions prompted us to ſeek?
See health, with ſturdy ſtep, and ruddy hue!—
This air for half a century he drew.
In ev'ry eye congenial pleaſure plays,
As friendſhip chears the autumn of your days;
Back to the pleaſing ſcenes of youth you rove,
When life was all but gaiety and love;
And ſtill does mirth, on recollection, flow
From frolics acted twenty years ago.
Now the whole progreſs riſes in review,
How ſlight acquaintance into friendſhip grew;
Again each mutual pleaſure is renew'd,
And pleas'd you talk of toils you have ſubdu'd.

Each

Each hardy frame ſeems properly deſign'd
To match the equal vigour of the mind.
Long may theſe faculties, ſo well employ'd,
In full perfection be by each enjoy'd!
And when, ſince mortals *ev'ry where* decay,
In ripe old age you ſlip at laſt away,
May each, on ending his terreſtrial race,
Leave a ſucceſſor worthy of his place!
And may it hence to Britain's ſons appear
That Death has no peculiar empire *here;*
That of the few who periſh in their prime,
Intemp'rance murders many more than clime;
And that the ſtout, the healthy, and the old,
Are not the prodigies we have been told!
May falſe ideas now prevail no more,
To guard Europeans from this happy ſhore!
And when theſe diſadvantages ſhall ceaſe,
Wide may the commerce of your iſle increaſe
May agriculture's well-requited toil
Neglect no portion of the grateful ſoil!

lay ev'ry art that pleaſes, or improves,
hat graces beauty, and that virtue loves,
hat ever Europe's various climes could boaſt,
ake ſhelter on this hoſpitable coaſt!
ıd may this moſt delightful region be
ch, happy, pow'rful, populous, and free *!

EXTEMPORE.

To ———.

LS Muſic ſoothes the deaf man's ear,
Or Painting charms the blind,
pleaſure equally ſincere
In Poetry you find.

* The European Club have been pleaſed to honour the ove Lines with a place in their Minutes, and to pay ompliment to the Author, highly flattering to his va-y.

FANCY.

FANCY.

FANCY, ever fair and young,
Mild of aſpect, ſweet of tongue,
Come, with thy companions gay,
Bear me from myſelf away!
But for Fancy's lively train,
Life were little elſe than pain!
Fancy (how unlike our race!)
Neither fawns to pow'r nor place;
To the proſp'rous whiſp'ring ſtill
Some imaginary ill;
'Tis where real griefs aſſail,
Fancy tells her flatt'ring tale.
Spite of all the frowns of fate,
Fancy makes me rich and great.
Oft ſhe hurries me afar
Thro' victorious fields of war;

oetic incenſe pays,
ıe decks me o'er with bays;
:times, in my native grove,
ı me peace, content, and love;
e ſhe paints no venal fair,
ng only to enſnare;
ſhe draws the maid I love
ıs Virtue would approve,—
g and beauteous, fair and good,
for once) as Reaſon wou'd;
charm ſhe gives to view,
ıs Truth herſelf would do,—
(flatt'rer!) forms her kind
y heart could wiſh to find.

NCY Fortune's ſons annoys;—
is my ſource of joys.
)o often Truth prevails;
n rouſes; Fancy fails!

Swift ye fly, deluſions dear!
Sad realities appear!
As I am, myſelf I ſee,—
Not *as I would wiſh to be!*

MAY-DAY.

Jamaica, May 1. 1784.

NOW on bleſt Britannia's iſle
All the vernal beauties ſmile;
O'er the wood, the hill, the plain,
Nature blooms in youth again.
Now the lads and laſſes gay,
Hail the genial morn of May.
Ev'ry youth a garland wove
(Flow'ry pledge of faithful love);
For his ſake the fav'rite fair
Does the roſy garland wear.
To the pipe and tabor's ſound
Now they trip the May-pole round;

Ev'ry heart awakes to joy,—
Pleaſure is this day's employ.
Tho' the lovers ſoftly ſigh,
Mirth enlivens ev'ry eye.
Heaving boſoms white as ſnow,
Cheeks that like vermilion glow,
Pouting lips that tempt to kiſs
(Prelude to more perfect bliſs)
Speak, as well as they inſpire,
Artleſs love, and ſoft deſire.
Now fatigu'd with ſport and play,
To the neighb'ring groves they ſtray;
On the daiſied bank they lie,
Where the riv'let murmurs bye;
Ev'ry youth beſide his dear,
Slily whiſp'ring in her ear;
Eyes, by nature only taught,
Speak the ſoul with paſſion fraught;
Much ſhe 's made to underſtand
By his preſſure of her hand!

If, perhaps, the lovers ſtray'd
Far amidſt the foreſt's ſhade,
And no interruption find
From their comerades behind;
Should the youth be briſk and bold,
And the nymph not over cold,
Love may yield a taſte of heaven
Prudence never would have given.
Blame them not, ye grave and coy!—
MAY was made for love and joy.

BUT, alas! no pleaſures *here*
Mark the changes of the year *!
All our ſultry ſeaſons bring
Scorching ſummer, chearleſs ſpring;

* This is not in fact contradictory to the Addreſ the European Club.—I here ſay nothing more, than the eternal beauties of this iſland become inſipid, as t are never contraſted with the horrors of winter.

ıvariable ſcene
with never fading green;
es ev'ry where appear,—
ey bloom thro' all the year!
we 've ſeen them o'er and o'er,
eſe beauties charm no more;
res, when familiar, cloy—
iety is joy.
e never on this ſhore
oſt pleaſing aſpect wore;
ɔt in her gaudy glare
he ſeems moſt ſweet and fair;
when like the bluſhing maid,
er beauties are diſplay'd.
ı all her trappings hung
ɔo charming as when young.
he ſweets of ſpring are flown,
ı the roſe is fully blown.
ot when ſublime and great,
ſplendid, ſteady ſtate;

'Tis

'Tis the lively, fickle thing,
Kind in autumn, coy in ſpring,
In her wint'ry humours wild,
And in ſummer ſweetly mild,
As on Britain's bliſsful coaſt,
Nature charms and pleaſes moſt.
HERE ſhe wears the ſame array
In DECEMBER and in MAY.
Here the eye may ſearch in vain
For the jovial ruſtic train;—
Only wretched ſlaves we find,
Of the ſavage ſable kind,
Whom nor ſpring nor autumn chear—
Joyous FREEDOM reigns not *here!*

AFTER THE

[ANNER OF CUNNINGHAM.

Jamaica, May 14. 1784.

plains that emboſom the TWEED!
banks of the TIVIOT ſo dear!
ſpring is delightful indeed!
l ſweet does young ſummer appear!

Tweed does ſo gracefully flow;
ır Tiviot ſo wantonly glides;
oſes ſo bluſhingly blow;
l ſo gay bloom the groves on their ſides;

ld is the midſummer's ray;
ſoft breathe the breezes along;
eet ſings the thruſh on the ſpray;
l ſo jovial 's the haymakers' ſong;

The

The ſhow'rs ſo refreſhingly fall;
The fields are ſo green, or ſo fair;—
And (to me more attractive than all)
My deareſt—my DELIA is *there!*

Ye meadows, ye ſtreams, and ye groves,
Ye earlieſt haunts of my youth,
Where firſt I have nurs'd the young lov
And friendſhips faſt founded in truth!

Let me taſte of your ſweetneſs once moi
Let your beauties again bleſs my ſight
And (ſmiling) the Maid I adore,
By her preſence complete my delight!

Then, ye fancies, ye follies, adieu!
That ſeduc'd me thus diſtant to rove—
No more ſhould they tempt me from yo
From pleaſure, from home—and from

EXTEMPORE.

TO A PHYSICIAN,

he character of a Patient to whom he had prescribed Asses Milk.

OD Doctor, do you truly think
Asses Milk I ought to drink?
uld remove my cough, you say,
ake all old complaints away;—
'd yourself—I grant it true—
ien 'tis Mother's Milk to You.

IMPROMPTU.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

Pretending to love in the Platonic *ſtile.*

YOU boaſt a love of moſt exalted kind,
From ſenſual paſſion perfectly refin'd;
In your chaſte thoughts no wanton wiſhes re
'Tis mere *congeniality of ſoul.*
A pretty fancy, fit for little Miſſes!—
But *you* are ripe for more ſubſtantial bliſſes
Your true Platonic—ſomething of a creatu
Lives in romance,—but never was in naturı
Whene'er two *ſpirits,* clogg'd with frames o
Of diff'rent ſexes, thus in contact play,
Howe'er the prudiſh maid, or modeſt lover,
By fine-ſpun ſentiments may gloſs it over,
It is a truth, dear Kate, there 's no conceali
The *bodies,* too, would wiſh a *fellow-feelin*

IMPROMPTU.

TO A WASP,

Which I had killed, after ſtinging me.

ONE moment ſince, a noxious thing,
The monarch of a venom'd ſting,
You proudly wing'd your flight around,
And man himſelf preſum'd to wound;—
But by a ſingle vengeful tread,
I've laid thee, wretched inſect, dead.
So, when thoſe far more *noxious things*,
Heroic chiefs, and warlike kings,
Amidſt their pomp, their pow'r, and ſtate,
Pronounce at once a people's fate;—
Or ſome all-conq'ring modern rake,
When plotting maidenheads to take;
If Heav'n untimely ſtop their breath,
Like thee they're harmleſs, after death.

His ghaſtly arms alike ſhall graſp
The rake, the hero—and the waſp.
He bids the ſceptre awe no more,
Nor war to waſte the diſtant ſhore;
For glutted with whole ſtreams of blood,
The monſter prowls no more for food;
But, leſt he leave no future prey,
He takes the murderer away.
He ſilences th' inſidious tongue,
That lead believing beauty wrong.
The heart (more *waſpiſh* ſtill than thine)
At others' pleaſures wont to pine;
The bold, ambitious, reſtleſs ſoul,
No laws, no duties could control;
The greedy wretch, to av'rice ſold,
By ev'ry crime amaſſing gold;
Subjected to this king of kings,
Like thee, they all have *loſt their ſtings*.

TO A YOUNG LADY

WHO DID ME THE HONOUR OF DANCING WITH ME AT AN ASSEMBLY, JUNE 4. 1783.

Jamaica, June 4. 1784.

NOW my love is at her toilet,
All the graces at her call;
Taſte (tho' Faſhion fain would ſpoil it)
Decks her for the birth-day ball.

To new triumphs now you move,
For theſe eyes ne'er vainly ſhine;
Many a heart they 've doom'd to love—
But how weak thoſe loves to mine!

As you frolic thro' the mazes,
Of the ſprightly, active dance,
Ev'ry youth in rapture gazes,—
Fainter beauties envious glance.

Shall

Shall thoſe ſmiles, ſo ſweetly killing,
Your too happy partner bleſs?
That dear hand, of touch ſo thrilling,
Shall the wretch preſume to preſs?

Will the time, the place, the pleaſure,
To my charmer's thoughts reſtore
A poor lover, forc'd to meaſure,
Many a league from Britain's ſhore!

From thoſe hours of joy and mirth
One ſhort minute can you ſpare,
For the trueſt ſwain on earth—
Once ſo happy with you *there?*

Should you call me once to mind,
Will the thought one ſigh obtain?
Or my deareſt be ſo kind
Once to wiſh me *there* again?

) IMAGINATION.

'ION, oft haſt thou
ny ſweeteſt days!
ordial kindneſs now
pangs repays.

s thy magic wand
oy ſubſide;
thy trembling hand
s of horror guide!

;races deck'd our iſle,
1 was ting'd by thee;
ips of beauty ſmile,
:s were ne'er for me.

Or

Or was the preſent all ſerene,
Beyond your baneful ſway;
Still ſad you drew the future ſcene,
And drove ſweet hope away.

But now, far diſtant from the ſpot
Of ev'ry youthful joy,
To ſooth a wretched exile's lot
You ev'ry art employ.

Now, in idea, is diſplay'd
Each bliſs that 's mine no more;
And now all kindneſs ſeems the maid,
Who ne'er ſeem'd kind before.

While ſcorching in the Tropic's heat,
Mild Spring appears to bloom;
And, taſting ev'ry rural ſweet,
I range my barrack room.

TO THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

NE muſt, good folks, your charity extol,
) wond'rous careful of the ſoldier's ſoul.
ut we, in fact, had thought you full as good,
for the body you had furniſh'd food;
ur praiſes ſtill, perhaps, had follow'd thicker,
ad you provided us ſome gen'rous liquor—
ay, much I fear, you had been more in vogue,
ſtead of *Bibles*, had you giv'n us *Grog*.

LOTHARIO TO CALISTA.

ULL oft, CALISTA, in my dreams
Thy gentle form appears;—
it in thine eyes no pleaſure beams,—
Their luſtre 's loſt in tears!

How wan, how wild, how diſmal now,
The face that was ſo fair!
How looſely do thoſe treſſes flow,
Once braided up with care!

Ah! why in thoſe ſad tones declare,
Thou once moſt ſweet of tongues;—
Ah! why, thou dear unhappy fair,
Upbraid me with thy wrongs?

Did I firſt lead thy tender youth
Amongſt the ſweets of vice?
Or did I, by one breach of truth,
Thy ſimple heart entice?

True! I have taſted ev'ry bliſs
Thy beauties could beſtow—
For each embrace, for ev'ry kiſs,
My grateful heart ſhall glow.

'Twas Fate, when I forſook thine arms,
The ſacrifice requir'd;
By Fate's decree, ſuperior charms
A chaſter flame inſpir'd.

Yet ſtill, CALISTA, ſtill my heart
Retains a warmth for thee;
Nor canſt thou ever feel a ſmart,
That is not ſhar'd by me!

As fearful fancy paints each ill
E'er helpleſs woman bore,
I ſigh for ev'ry ſorrow ſtill
Thy fate may have in ſtore.

In want, in ſickneſs, and deſpair,
I ſeem to ſee thee roam,
Without a friend to ſooth thy care,
Or houſe to call thy home!

That breaſt on which I lov'd to lie,
That form I 'd fondly fold,
Expos'd, beneath a ſtormy ſky,
To ruthleſs winter's cold!

I hear thee, amidſt broken ſighs,
Of faithleſs love complain;
And, with heart-rending, piteous cries,
Reproach thy wand'ring ſwain!

Thoſe lips ſo often preſs'd to mine,
In extacies of joy;
Thoſe cheeks, whoſe bloſſom was ſo fine—
Tho' now their roſes die;

Thoſe arms ſo oft around me thrown,
With all the warmth of love,
Muſt many a tyrant's empire own,
Thy heart could ne'er approve!

Thou canſt no more to me, alone,
A lover's rights allow;—
But common are thy beauties grown—
No longer beauties now!

Altho' I tread a diſtant land,
I feel thy ev'ry grief;
And ſtill invoke ſome friendly hand,
To yield thee quick relief.

Farewell, my once delightful fair!
May all thy ſorrows ceaſe!
May Heav'n accept my fervent pray'r,
And lead thee back to peace!

NAN-

NANCY's CHARM.

A SONG TO BE SUNG BY A FRIEND OF I

NO ready wit allures my heart,
No wond'rous beauty moves me;
But NANCY loves, or has the art
To make me think ſhe loves me.

'Tis that gives beauties to her face,
Ne'er granted her by nature;
Confers on ev'ry motion grace,
And meaning to each feature.

'Tis that gives wit to all ſhe ſays,
Howe'er abſurd or ſtupid;
'Tis that alone my heart betrays,
And points the darts of Cupid.

'Tis that which ſoftens ev'ry fault,
And cancels ev'ry failing;
It makes her ſeem whate'er ſhe ought,
And virtue all prevailing.

This veils the preſent, and the paſt;
Conceals each fooliſh fancy;
And is the charm that holds me faſt,
The abject ſlave of NANCY.

THE VILLAGE-MAID:

OR, THE SOLDIER'S INCONSTANCY.

A Song for ———.

ERE yet my heart, in early youth,
Its fickleneſs diſplay'd,
I plighted all my faith and truth
To one dear Village-Maid.

On

On banks of cowſlips all the day
We innocently play'd;
And ſwiftly ſlipp'd my hours away,
When with my Village-Maid.

At laſt this fond, this tender heart
Ambition did invade;
At glory's call, tho' loath to part,
I left my Village-Maid.

I bade my native plains farewell,
To camps and cities ſtray'd;
And, toying with each town-bred belle,
Forgot the Village-Maid.

But real bliſs I never knew
Since vice my heart betray'd!—
Our joys were exquiſite and true,
My charming Village-Maid!

SELF-EXAMINATION.

OW bleſs'd is youth! (exclaims each hoary
ſage)
re preys on manhood, and diſeaſe on age;
t no diſtreſs the youthful heart annoys;
s ev'ry moment teems with varied joys;
om bliſs to bliſs the thoughtleſs ſtripling ſtrays;
eet are his nights, and ſportive are his days;
t ſoon the ſeaſon of his mirth is o'er,
d MAN can never taſte of pleaſure more!"

outh's delights, and manhood's griefs be true,
haſt thou, Fate, depriv'd me of my due?
e was the ſchoolboy's ſatchel thrown away,
1 firſt misfortune ſeiz'd me as her prey.
1 I ſurvey my few, but wretched years,
ſad the painful retroſpect appears!

To chear the ſcene, ſome ſcatter'd bloſſoms ſh
But weeds more plenteous, and more faſt their r

TELL me, my heart, from whence my ſor
Was fortune, or my follies, moſt to blame? [c
O'er all my joys did temperance preſide?
Or didſt thou follow prudence as thy guide?
Woes I have felt the wiſeſt could not ſhun,
And been by wayward accidents undone;
Without a fault, too oft has hope betray'd,
And diſappointment baulk'd each plan I laid
What poignant pangs inconſtant friendſhips g
While thoſe more faithful periſh'd in the gr
Yet ſpite of ev'ry incidental woe,
That falſehood, fate, or fortune could beſto
Had I in youth the paths of virtue choſe,
And ſearch'd for pleaſure where ſhe only gro
Then had I taſted ſweets without alloy,
Or found, at leaſt, long intervals of joy;

My cheek had worn the crimſon hue of health,
And peace of mind ſupplied the want of wealth!

No wretch e'er ſuffer'd fortune's keeneſt curſe,
Unleſs his follies made his evils worſe.
Some ills I juſtly charge on fate alone,—
But far more often was the fault my own!

No more, poor wretch, at deſtiny repine,
But ſeize experience, now ſo juſtly thine!
By her, henceforth, thy cautious footſteps ſteer,
And wiſely uſe a ſcience bought ſo dear!

TWELVE MONTHS AFTER PARTING.

Jamaica, —— day of ——, 1784.

OH day of ſorrow, yet for ever dear!
Thou anniverſary of parting pain!
Still will I meet thee with a tender tear!
Still will I hail thee in a plaintive ſtrain!

Tho' twelve long months have ſlowly crept aw
Still does my faithful memory renew
Each fond, each fooliſh, fruitleſs wiſh to ſtay,
Each pang that waited on the laſt adieu!

Still do the changing cheek, and trembling tong
Betray the tumult raging in my heart;
Still I behold the maid, ſo fair and young,
And at the moment I am doom'd to part!

The fancied kiſs my quiv'ring lips have took
Ten thouſand times ten thouſand o'er and o'
My aching eye ſtill ſteals another look,—
And ſtill it promiſes to aſk no more!

Yes! I'll indulge in luxury of grief!
O'er all the melancholy ſcene I'll rove!
Nor will I ever wiſh to find relief,—
If, to obtain it, I muſt part with love!

ON T

ON THE PRESENT UNHEALTHY WEATHER, AND THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A VERY AMIABLE YOUNG LADY *.

Jamaica, July 10. 1784.

EASE, ye fœtid damps to riſe!
Ceaſe, ye ruthleſs rains to pour!
uds of horror ſhroud the ſkies,
Death deſcends in ev'ry ſhow'r!

ll diſeaſes ſcour along,
Melancholy ſtalks around;
een, with all her rapid throng,
Glides along the gloomy ground!

* Publiſhed in the Jamaica Gazette, July 14.

Glutton

Glutton death, at length forbear!
(Sated with thy luſcious feaſt)
Seek'ſt thou ought more good, or fair?—
Are not thine the charms of EAST*?

TO DABBLERS IN RHYME.

WITH what delight we partially peruſe
The dull productions of our own dear Muſe!
Each thought is new, each ſentiment is fine,
And ſweeteſt numbers flow in ev'ry line.
But when a brother Booby's works we ſcan,
We 're apt to follow quite a diff'rent plan;
In ſearch of faults, o'er ev'ry verſe we dwell
And (ſtricteſt Critics!) ev'ry blunder tell;
The moſt good-natur'd Rhymeſter ever kno
Scarce e'er was pleas'd with any, but his ow

* Miſs Suſannah Hinton Eaſt, daughter of Edward
Eſq. of Liguanca, Jamaica.

Still, in another, I have quickly found
Where-e'er he ſacrifices ſenſe to ſound;
Fallacious arguments, well tinſell'd o'er,
I can, with vaſt ſagacity explore;
Each verſe not muſically made to chime,
With proper cadence and with perfect rhyme,
(Tho' if my own theſe faults might not appear)
Is horrid, harſh, offenſive to my ear:—
In ſhort, in ev'ry witling I can ſee
As many faults as he might find in me.

YET not ſo deeply jaundic'd is my eye,
But that true merit I can likewiſe ſpy.
Yet had that merit entertain'd me more,
Had I ne'er wander'd on Caſtalian ſhore!
Deep of the ſtream when others freely drink,
While I but ſcantily can ſip the brink;
To dazzling heights when others proudly ſail,
While I muſt creep along the lowly vale;

To ſee their temples deck'd by all the Nine,
While ſcarce a wreathe is ſeen to circle mine;
Whatever pleaſure in their works I find,
I ſigh to ſee myſelf ſo far behind.
The ſecret motive I can hardly tell;—
It is not envy, for I love them well;
Nor emulation—for we ne'er purſue
A prize that 's neither in our reach nor view;
The glorious goal, which brighter Poets gain,
My vaineſt hopes ne'er promis'd to attain;
Yet tho' I ne'er could think the palm my own,
I hate to be ſo very far outſhone.

Oh happy ye! ye loweſt of the train!
Ye very ſilly, and ye very vain!
Who have no better, and no worſe deſign,
Than juſt to make ten ſyllables a line;
And put your muddy brains into a pother,
To make one doggrel jingle to another;

Whoſe

Whoſe rhymes no higher efforts can admit
Than the acroſtic's artificial wit,
Or whoſe initials aptly is diſplay'd
The name of ſome pert mantua-maker's maid.
Ye who poſſeſs ſuch happy ſelf-eſteem,
Dully profound, and vanity extreme,
That you in fancy reach Parnaſſus' top,
And vie in verſe and manly ſenſe with POPE;
That in deſcriptive pow'rs you can exceed,
The ſweeteſt Poet* ever ſung on TWEED;
Your languid lines, the ſpurious works of art,
Seem ſoft as ever flow'd from COLLINS' heart;
The faireſt flow'ret e'er in LEASOWES† grew,
Diſcloſes no ſuperior ſweets to you;
And you can find, in each extorted lay,
The melting melancholy grace of GRAY.

* It is almoſt unneceſſary to mention, that I mean HOMSON.

† The ſeat of the late Mr SHENSTONE.

THO' I ſuſpect my own too partial eye
May, unobſerv'd, paſs many a blemiſh bye;
Yet I have always ſenſe enough to know,
That in their train the Muſes rank me low;
And muſt their parſimoniouſneſs deplore,
That, granting ſomething, they would gran
Yet, to preſerve me from poetic ſpleen, [m
I find ſpecifics in each magazine;
There *you* diſplay ſo truly *ſad* a ſtrain,
As reconciles me to my own again.
On *me*, tho' ſparingly, their favours fall,
On *you* the Muſes never ſmile at all.

TO THE MEMORY OF SHENSTONE.

Jamaica, 1784.

THOU gentleſt Bard that ever ſtray'd
In ruſſet lawn, or flow'ry glade!
Thou Child of Nature, Foe of Art,
Of ſofteſt mein, and tend'reſt heart!

When parted by thy neighb'ring hill,
Thy native mead, or peaceful rill,
How tedious did the way appear,
That lay betwixt thee and thy dear *!

But hadſt thou reaſon to repine
At cruel abſence ſuch as mine?

* "That verdant hill, and ſilver ſtream,
"Divide my love and me."
[Shenſtone's ſong, called the Landſcape.]

Tho' ſweeter far thy love-ſick ſong,
Thy love was never half ſo ſtrong!

If ſtill thy gen'rous ſoul can know
The pangs of faithful youths below,
Wilt thou not drop a heav'nly tear,
And own my ſorrows more ſevere?

'Tis not, alas! the woody dale,
The ſhallow ſtream, or graſs-grown vale;
'Tis not the hills that gently riſe,
Nor mountains tow'ring to the ſkies;

'Tis not the long and deſert ways,
O'er which the weary pilgrim ſtrays;
Not all the wide and fertile plains,
Which fair Britannia's iſle contains;

'Tis not all Europe's ample bound,
Nor realms and ſeas that gird her round;—

remenduous oceans wide remove,
nd worlds divide me from my love!

h! grant me, mild celeſtial ſhade,
verſe like thine to ſing the maid!
h! teach me in thy tender ſtrains
o ſoothe my fears, and vent my pains!

ſtruct me, gentle Bard, to move
he dear obdurate Maid to love!
hy Muſe could change the firmeſt mind,
nd melt the coldeſt to be kind.

h no! ſome adverſe pow'r purſues
he love-lorn children of the Muſe!
y, what avails the ſweeteſt ſtrain?—
nce DAMON * lov'd—and lov'd in vain!

* Damon, a name aſſumed by Shenſtone in ſome of his ems.

ON

ON VIEWING A PRINT OF THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOU AT EDINBURGH.

Jamaica, 1784.

WITH what delight my eager eyes
Behold theſe mimic turrets riſe!
My fancy kindles at the view,
And hours, long paſt, return anew!

Again I tread the ſolemn round,
Which oft in ſolitude I found;
And where I mus'd o'er ev'ry care,
The frowns of Fortune, or my Fair;

Or led by pleaſing Hope aſtray,
I deck'd with flow'rs my future way—

Ere ſudden blights her bloſſoms crop,
low ſweet the early ſpring of Hope!)

or to the regal dome confin'd,
he proſpect pictur'd in my mind;—
ie humble roof * compriſing too,
ie painter's pencil never drew;—

t to my heart not half ſo dear,
e grandeſt pile that pomp could rear;
here yet I hope, tho' long the while,
ain to taſte a parent's ſmile;

baniſh each maternal fear,
pel each ſigh, and dry each tear;
ection *there* ſtill ſure to find,
r ever true, for ever kind;

* My mother's houſe, in the near neighbourhood of Palace.

Where

Where not a word ſhall meet my ear,
That is not tender and ſincere;
And each fond wiſh I muſt believe,
That flows from lips which ne'er deceive!

Thou hoſpitable roof, farewell,
Beneath whoſe ſhade I long to dwell!
But whereſoe'er I 'm doom'd to roam,
Oh ſtill may Peace call thee her home!

Tho' Pleaſure find no place to ſpare,
Let calm Content inhabit there!
And, to enſure thoſe bleſſings mine,
Be Health a reſident of thine!

TO A MESSENGER,

WHO HAD LOST, BETWIXT KINGSTON AND STONEYHILL, A LETTER FOR ME FROM A FRIEND IN BRITAIN.

NO golden prize, no gaudy gem,
No loſs of treaſure I deplore;
Yet what I value more than them
Is loſt, and diſappoints me more.

Thy careleſs hand inflicts a wound,
Thy callous heart can never know;
For thou, alas! haſt never found
The ſweets that friendſhip can beſtow.

When the lov'd lines affection drew,
That ſpoke the feelings of the heart,
And from the ſoul effuſions flew,
As ſtrong as language could impart;

Alas! the pleaſing taſk was vain!
They ne'er were form'd to feaſt my eye!
Ne'er to expreſs the abſent pain!
Nor e'er to meet my mutual ſigh!

Tho' over oceans ſafely bore,
They reach the diſtant deſtin'd land,
Yet have they periſh'd on the ſhore,
And ne'er ſhall find my friendly hand!

SONG.

Jamaica, 1784.

'MIDST Coffee Walks, and Orange Groves
Where PLANTAIN-RIVER wildly roves,
I ſeek a ſolitary ſhade,
To muſe upon my lovely Maid.

In morning heats, ere yet the gale
Has breath'd his odours thro' the vale,
On verdant couch ſupinely laid,
I languiſh for my lovely Maid.

And when the cool refreſhing breeze
Comes fraught with health, content, and eaſe,
I ramble thro' the ſcented glade,
Whoſe beauties ſeem to court my Maid.

When noon-tide rays, with ſultry heat,
Obſcur'd in clouds, no longer beat,
Amongſt the mountains oft I 've ſtray'd,
And talk'd with echo of my Maid.

Whene'er I view the diſtant main,
I ſigh to tempt the ſeas again;
Ye floods that once afar convey'd,
Now kindly waft me to my Maid!

Oh! bear me from this beauteous isle,
Tho' grac'd with summer's constant smile!
Tho' wint'ry tempests round me play'd,
I'd brave their horrors for my Maid!

In vain the northern blasts may blow
O'er rocks of ice, and hills of snow;—
In all her roseat charms array'd,
Still spring attends my blooming Maid.

TO PRUDENCE.

HAIL fav'rite virtue of the wond'rous wise,
Whom plodding cits, and faded virgins prize!
But whose sage counsels never could prescribe
A rule of conduct to the rhyming tribe!—
Careless they trip the flow'ry wilds along,
And scorning wealth, content them with a song;
To pleasure too extravagantly prone,
Thy friendship, or authority to own.—

Their

Their hearts too ſoft, their feelings far too ſtrong,
Nicely to ſcrutinize the right and wrong;
Miſtaken tenderneſs will ſtill deceive,
And thoughtleſs generoſity believe.
They fly to pleaſure, and they toil for fame,
But loiter ſtill when int'reſt is the game.
The lazy Bard, tho' poverty appear,
To Prudence never lends a docile ear;
Her ſwift approach, reluctantly, he ſees,—
Yet ſacrifices fortune to his eaſe.
In court, or city, or in ruſtic grove,
In bus'neſs, friendſhip, enmity, or love,
Into a thouſand errors he will run,
Thy pupils ever have the pow'r to ſhun.

Yet hard the heart, and ſordid is the ſoul,
That ne'er, in youth, diſputed thy controul!
Whatever faults my foes have found in me,
They ne'er reproach'd me as a ſlave to thee!

Oft

Oft have I ſpurn'd thy ſalutary ſway,
While folly led me her fantaſtic way;
When beauty ſmil'd, I gave thee oft the ſlip,
And fear'd no falſehood from the roſy lip;
I choſe the labyrinth without a clew,
And fled ſo faſt thou ſcarcely could'ſt purſue.
But lay, grim goddeſs, all the paſt aſide,—
Since now I ſometimes take thee for my guide!
Yet think not e'er (for ſuch I ne'er ſhall be!)
To find a zealous votary in me!
For, ſtill no darling deity of mine,
I ne'er ſhall bow devoutly at thy ſhrine.
To ſorrow's tale I ne'er can ſhut my ear,
Nor can experience make me inſincere;
I know mankind, and for my ſkill have paid,
Yet ſtill muſt truſt, and may be ſtill betray'd.

An even path thy dull adherents keep,
As thro' life's pilgrimage they ſafely creep;

No

lo pleaſure tempts them e'er to go aſtray;
lo pity moves them from the beaten way;
hlegmatic ſouls, whom friendſhip ne'er could fire,
nd hearts that never felt a ſoft deſire;
urs'd with a gloomy jealouſy of mind,
hat dreads ſome villany from all mankind;
o mutual confidence they e'er poſſeſs'd,
ut keep their ſecrets lock'd within their breaſt;
ontagious pleaſure they have never known,
nd ſcarce e'er felt a rapture of their own;
oo wiſe another's agonies to ſhare,
ſey have no tears of ſympathy to ſpare.
'hate'er contributes to their eaſe, or health,
:cures their ſafety, or augments their wealth,
all the object of their wiſh and pray'r,
nd all their ſtudy, happineſs, and care;
btaining theſe, they heed no other's pain;
r, diſappointed, care not who obtain.
:om day to day they dully trudge along,
not quite right, yet ſeldom very wrong;

With

With cautious ſteps, they tread ſecure from ſhame,
But never, never feel a wiſh for fame;
Too wary often to incur a fall,
Yet far too fearful e'er to riſe at all;
No bright invention have they e'er eſſay'd;—
No great improvement have they ever made.
Had all mankind ſubmitted to thy reign,
What thirſt of knowledge had been giv'n in vain!
Who then the wilds of ſcience would explore?
Or who had wander'd from his native ſhore?
In vain might breezes blow, and oceans roll,
Could'ſt thou depreſs the enterprizing ſoul!
Thy ſubjects are the ſpiritleſs and cold;—
The ſons of genius are the raſh and bold.
Ye Indian realms, where Fate has bid me ſteer,
Did ever Prudence ſend COLUMBUS here?

THOU ſtubborn virtue of a ſelfiſh heart,
In gen'rous boſoms claim'ſt but little part.

Diſſi-

Didſt thou e'er glow with charity divine?
Or was compaſſion e'er a child of thine?
Yet let me, Prudence, never widely rove
From the ſecure, but gloomy path you love!
As an attendant be thou near me ſtill!—
But not the tyrant maſter of my will!
Let not the man I love to call my friend,
Meanly to court thee ever condeſcend!
Let him be ſuch as can at times purſue,—
But, forc'd by feelings, can forſake thee too!
Be he, like all the generous and brave,
Oft thy companion—but be ne'er thy ſlave!
But, above all, oh! let me never prove
Thee the firſt virtue of the maid I love!
By thee directed let her croſs the brake,
That hides, in flow'ry ſhrubs, the wily ſnake;
But when, in open day, ſhe ſafely treads
The wide champaign, and undeceitful meads,
Thy narrow footſteps let her trace no more,
But freely frolic, now the danger 's o'er!

Tho' ſtill ſo near thy path ſhe ſoon may find,
Yet let her keep thy Gorgon face behind!
Tho' ſtern thy pow'r o'er ſtoic hearts may be,
She loves but little, who ne'er laugh'd at thee.

TO A LIZARD.

TO this humble cot of mine,
Gentle ſtranger, ſafely ſtray!
No deceit, no dark deſign,
Prompts its tenant to betray!
Lovely wand'rer enter here,
Free from danger, free from fear!

Tho' no grandeur, pomp, or ſhew,
Here allure thy curious eyes,
Ah! preſumptuous reptile, know,
'Tis with pomp that danger lies!
In the poor, but peaceful cell,
Here, with me, in ſafety dwell!

Fearleſs

Fearleſs viſitant, draw near!
Place thee at my frugal board!
Seek no delicacies here;
Take the beſt it can afford!
Little as there is to ſpare,
Freely take thy tiny ſhare!

Freely frolic by my ſide!
Speckled wanton, wildly roll!
While in me you thus confide,
Never fear to find control!
Here 's no hoſtile hand to wound,
Sportive wreathe thee round and round!

Yet, my heedleſs gueſt, beware
How you truſt our ſavage race,
Who can ſmile but to enſnare,
And can ſtab as they embrace!
Truſt all elſe that prowls for prey—
Keep from human kind away!

THE REASONABLE LOVER.

A SONG.

SUM up the charms that lend a grace
To deck the female form, or face,
Or fair, or brown, or ſhort, or tall,
There 's one for which I 'd change 'em all.

Altho', 'till then, the nymph poſſeſs'd
No more attractions than the reſt;
Superior charms the god ſupplies,
Let love but lighten up her eyes.

The ſnowy white, the ſallow hue,
Alike, in tenderneſs, I view;
The flushing cheek, that fondly glows,
Still blends the lily with the roſe.

t round my neck her arms entwine,
d billing lips be preſs'd to mine;
: let theſe lips her paſſion tell,
id on theſe lips each grace ſhall dwell.

d ever boſom ſeem ſo white,
when it panted with delight?
· did it e'er ſo richly ſwell,
when ſhe ſigh'd, " I love thee well?"

ie Nymph may come, for ought I care,
ith heedleſs ſteps, and ruſtic air,
t graceful ſtill ſhe ſeems to move,
ho meets me on the wings of love.

t form the maid more heav'nly fair
an VENUS was, or HOURIS are,
iff'rence dooms each ſweet to die,
d dims the luſtre of her eye.

Let

Let whining fools whole years employ,
To melt the cold, or court the coy;
If laſting charms I e'er can find,
'Tis in the candid and the kind.

Let others nicely ſcrutinize
Her ſhape, her colour, and her ſize;
One half thoſe beauties I'd forbear,—
For if ſhe's fond, ſhe muſt be fair.

WRITTEN IN JAMAICA,
IN THE RAINY SEASON, 1784.

SHOULD NOAH revive in this region of rai
He 'd imagine his flood was returning again.
A cotton-tree ark he would ſpeedily rear,
And to the BLUE-MOUNTAINS for ARARAT ſte
But his patience was never ſo puzzled before,
For in ſix little weeks his old deluge was o'er

He might ſend out his dove half a twelve-month
together,—
For *here* the green branch is no ſign of fair wea-
Pent up in his *Polink** were NOAH to ſtay [ther.
Till the rains ceas'd to pour, and the lightnings
to play,
A famine would put the whole pack in a pother,
And he and his cattle devour one another.

ON SOME LADIES

TAKING OFFENCE AT A COPY OF VERSES OF MINE.

THO' ſqueamiſh Prudes and Bigots rail,
And deeply frowns the Maid I love;
Not all their cenſures can avail,
Where Reaſon does not diſapprove.

* Polink, a mountain proviſion farm.

Had

Had they but well conſider'd twice,
They ne'er had blam'd my harmleſs ſong;
If e'er I ſeem'd the friend of vice,
They muſt have underſtood me wrong.

Unconſcious of a worthleſs aim,
My honeſt heart deſpiſes guile—
Oh thought! more pleaſing far than fame!
And ſweeter ſtill than DELIA's ſmile!

WRITTEN IN JAMAICA,

IN THE DOG-DAYS.

TO A FRIEND.

O'ER fertile vales, and mountains green,
You bid my wand'ring eye to ſtray;
And tell me each ſurrounding ſcene
Affords a ſubject for my lay.

" Go ſing yon wild meand'ring ſtream,
" That thro' luxuriant valleys roves;
" That now reflects the noon-tide beam,
" Now hides him in the fragrant groves!

" Did e'er your boaſted native TWEED
" In ſuch romantic windings play?
" Or found he e'er ſo fair a mead,
" Thro' which to ſport his wanton way?

" Bleak, bare, and barren CHEVIOT * lowrs;
" Chill is the wind, and keen the froſt:
" But theſe more lofty hills of ours
" Eternal vegetation boaſt."

My eye, 'tis true, this moment views
The richeſt ſcenes e'er Poet ſung;
Yet unpropitious is the Muſe,
My heart unfir'd, my harp unſtrung.

* A ridge of mountains on the borders of England and Scotland.

Say, what avails the ſcented grove?
Or what the verdure of the vale?
Amidſt their beauties can we rove?
Or can we half their ſweets inhale?

Or what avails the mountain's pride,
That thus attracts the longing eye?
We cannot climb its beauteous ſide,
To taſte the diſtant charms we ſpy.

A burning ſun, a ſultry air,
Our nerves in liſtleſs languor bind;
Each active principle impair,
And ev'ry function of the mind.

In temp'rate climates reign the Nine,
Where healthful Bards may widely ſti
There paſſion breathes in ev'ry line,
And fancy kindles all the ſoul.

nderneath this glowing ſky,
r firſt felicity is EASE;
me in indolence to lie!
you the Poet, if you pleaſe!

A DOG-DAY PRAYER.

Jamaica, 1784.

more my Muſe can wildly ſing,
ake her flight on fancy's wing;
aſt in fetters, can rehearſe
nly ſubject of her verſe:
leadly heat that burns my brain,
lood that boils in ev'ry vein,
ow admit this only pray'r,
et me breathe a temp'rate air!

flow'ry path I aſk to tread,
erdant hill, nor fertile mead;

No grove with gaudy foliage crown'd;
No ſtream to ſoothe me with its ſound;
I aſk no landſcape fair and wide,
Nor rural ſweets, nor city's pride;
Nor jovial youths, nor damſels fair—
Oh! give me but a temp'rate air!

THO' Nature frown'd upon the ſoil,
And Art ne'er deem'd it worth his toil;
And tho' the deſert wilds appear
In dreary ſameneſs all the year:
Yet all that 's ſweet, and all that 's gay,
The barren heath might *now* diſplay;
I 'd fancy ev'ry beauty there,—
But let me breathe a temp'rate air!

A PRAYER.

THE rapid blood will have its play,
And giddy youth his holiday;
Thro' paths of pleaſure oft I 've ſteer'd,
The wiſe had ſcorn'd, the prudent fear'd.
But when the reign of frolic 's o'er,
And ſhort-liv'd tranſports charm no more;
When ſober reaſon ſhall review
The rapt'rous ſcenes that paſſion drew,
And truly paints each thoughtleſs hour
In which I own'd her magic pow'r;
Oh! let me find, however gay
The wanton minutes ſlipp'd away;
Altho' the jovial day ſhould roll
Amidſt the madneſs of the bowl;
And tho' the more voluptuous night
Were deeply plung'd in groſs delight;

Yet

Yet ſtill my heart had never known
A joy which pity would diſown!
When pleaſure led me moſt aſtray,
That feeling ſtill preſerv'd her ſway!
And that the hours when folly reign'd
By cruel falſehood ne'er were ſtain'd!
Let never induſtry upbraid
His uſeful labours unrepaid!
Nor once have reaſon to repine
He e'er ſupply'd a want of mine!
Ah! let me find no tender maid
By feign'd or faithleſs love betray'd!
Let never pale repentant fair
Reproach my raptures with a tear!
Let ne'er the candid and the free
Repent their confidence in me!
Nor ever faithful friend complain
Of fond affection given in vain!
Oh heart! when all thy faults appear,
No want of tenderneſs be *here!*

ıd whatſoe'er my failings be,
·om curs'd ingratitude be free!

ON DISCONTENT.

MONGST mankind a gloomy race there are,
ho find for ever ſubjects of deſpair;
them each trivial incident appears
e ſource of ſorrows, diſcontent, and fears;
is chequer'd life they paint a perfect hell,—
m o'er its ſweets, but on its ſorrows dwell.
joic'd to damp the pleaſing hopes of youth,
ıey widely magnify each mournful truth;
r only aggravate the real woe,
t feign'd afflictions from their fancies flow.
ıeir minds eternal apprehenſions fill,
ev'n a poſſibility of ill.—
hat may be ſhunn'd, 'tis prudence to foreſee,
t only folly where we cannot flee;

Tho'

Tho' future evils were as fix'd as fate,
The wife would ne'er anticipate their date;
But his unhappy phrenzy I deplore,
Who ſighs for ſorrows *chance* may have in ſtore

PERHAPS, lay ev'ry prejudice aſide,
His griefs originate from groundleſs pride;
Too ſanguine hope a flatt'ring proſpect drew,
And ſelf-conceit had claim'd it as his due;
Succeſs as certain his ambition views,—
But diſappointment probably enſues.—
The haughty ſoul, regretting what 's denied,
O'erlooks the comforts fate may have ſupplied;
Tho' to his portion various gifts ſhould fall,
He thinks them nothing, if he gains not all;
As fooliſh hopes at firſt had led him wrong,
His fears are now proportionably ſtrong.
Me no ſuch fancies ever ſhall depreſs,
Who aſk but little, and can bear with leſs.

Whene'e

e'er misfortune wounds, as oft he may,
e ne'er ſink beneath the deſpot's ſway!
pe and reaſon mitigate the pain,
ſolution ſcorn his iron reign!
t me ſhade his realms in endleſs night,
er view them in the faireſt light;
ider clouds that threaten to deſtroy,
, or fancy, ſome faint dawn of joy!
health, and eaſe, and competence I find,
'er ideal griefs diſturb my mind!
me, paſſive to the will of Heaven,
what 's wanting, and enjoy what 's given!

SONG.

ay, FLORELLA, were thoſe eyes
idly made to ſhine?
s thy heaving boſom riſe
ſt without deſign?

Ah! does the blood thus wanton play
In each tranſparent vein?—
And fair FLORELLA cannot ſay,
Why ſighs the love-ſick ſwain?

Ah! do thy pulſes wildly beat?
Thy limbs voluptuous move?
And yet FLORELLA will not meet
The extacies of love!

Upon thoſe lips of coral tint,
So big with balmy bliſs,
Shall not the panting youth imprint
The long empaſſion'd kiſs?

From that dear tongue let am'rous ſounds
In honey'd drops diſtil!
Or let it, while each heart rebounds,
More eloquently bill!

Ah! come, FLORELLA, ſweeteſt maid,
And bleſs my circling arms!
I'll teach thee there love's tender trade,
And why he gave thoſe charms!

Thy tutor ſhall, with fondeſt care,
The pleaſing taſk inſtil;
Whilſt thou, my dear attentive fair,
No particle ſhalt ſpill.

A SHREWD REMARK.

THUS once to me Louiſa ſpoke,
Juſt half in earneſt, half in joke:
"A brother bard has many a time
"Made me the ſubject of his rhyme;
"He call'd me Celia, Delia, Chloris,
"And told me wond'rous pretty ſtories;
"He'd count (tho' numberleſs) my charms,
"Which ſtill were coupled with his arms;

" My lips, my teeth, my cheeks, my eyes,
" Were follow'd by his tears and ſighs;
" And then the fond and faithful ſwain
" Was racked with inceſſant pain!
" And ſtill ſo ſolemnly he ſwore,
" His goddeſs ever to adore!
" Of admiration fond and vain,
" I liſten'd to the tender ſtrain;
" Which did inſenſibly impart
" Such ſoft emotions to my heart,
" That poor, believing, loveſick I
" Would ſometimes ſmile, and ſometimes cry.

" But when the youth (moſt ſtrange to tell!)
" Had once beheld my couſin Bell,
" He grew at once the dulleſt thing,
" He ſcarce could ſpeak, far leſs could ſing;
" Where-e'er ſhe was, poor Damon came,
" Yet bluſh'd and faulter'd at her name.

" At

" At laſt the lad, *in humble proſe*,
" Preſum'd his paſſion to diſcloſe;
" No tender Muſe, no bleeding hearts,
" No Cupid, and his winged darts;—
" He only begg'd her leave to bring
" (What 's better far) a Wedding Ring.
" Bell knew this language more ſincere
" Than all the verſe e'er charm'd my ear;
" His ſuit moſt graciouſly ſhe heard,
" And fairly took him at his word.
" Two plain, proſaic, plodding aſſes,
" Who never viſited Parnaſſus,
" (In other words, two good attorneys)
" Soon ſav'd the Muſe all further journeys.
" The pair ne'er aſk'd Apollo's pardon,
" But tripp'd to Paul's, in Covent-Garden;
" Nor fought a bow'r in Cyprian faſhion,
" But in York-buildings crown'd their paſſion.

" In love, I fancy truth is ſcarce—
" *But doubly doubtful, told in Verſe.*"

Perhaps, Louiſa, 'tis too true
That thouſands have been dup'd, like y
As for my brethren—Devil mend 'em!
I 'll neither palliate, nor defend 'em,—
If you 'll politely, beſt of creatures,
Except me from the hoſt of traitors.

TO FLORELLA.

Ah! why enquire, too cautious fair,
How long the fire of love can laſt?
No! be the *preſent* all our care!
Nor mind the *future*, nor the *paſt!*
" *Wilt thou be long, or always true?* ".
Zounds! I 'm no prophet more than yo

LIBERTY TOO LATE!

A TALE*.

FULL fifty times the all-enliv'ning ſun
His annual courſe around the world had run,
While poor Alcander in a dungeon lay,
Not once partaking of his gladſome ray.
A gloomy diary his knife had kept,
And mark'd each hour that lazily had crept;
His ſole employment, thus to weep and tell
His long acquaintance with the dreary cell.
Misfortune, unattended with a crime,
Had ſeiz'd the luckleſs debtor in his prime;
And here had bid him in confinement pine,
Uſeleſs in youth, and helpleſs in decline,
Till royal clemency, by bleſt decree,
Had op'd the gates, and ſet the pris'ners free.

* Taken from a Chineſe ſtory.

SWEET

SWEET were the ſounds his liberty that gave,
And bade Alcander leave at laſt his cave.
O'erjoy'd, tho' dazzled, with the glare of day,
All nature ſmil'd, and ſeem'd profuſely gay;
On ev'ry ſide each object roſe ſo new,
That heav'n itſelf ſeem'd ſet before his view.
On fault'ring footſteps, and with trembling haſte,
His joyful way the wond'ring ſtranger trac'd;
With glad impatience, he directs his road
To the lov'd city, once his youth's abode.

FANCY her brighteſt colourings employs,
To paint and to anticipate his joys:
The fond endearments of domeſtic life,
The duteous children, and the faithful wife;
With a paternal eye he ſeems to ſee
His young deſcendents clinging round his knee;
Around the frugal, but the chearful board,
His former friends and family reſtor'd,

Extatic

Extatic pleaſure kindling ev'ry eye,
In fond congratulations as they vie.
Imagination gives him back once more
The ſcenes of all his happineſs before;
With the companions of his youthful days,
Thro' haunts they lov'd, ideally, he ſtrays;
And decks them in the gaudy garb they wore
When ſanguine youth with beauties gloſs'd them o'er;
While ev'ry long-loſt object that appears,
Recals the pleaſures of his early years.

As nearer to the bliſsful ſcenes he drew,
More rapt'rous ſtill his flatt'ring viſions grew.
At laſt, with panting heart, and eager eyes,
He views the city's lofty turrets riſe.
Now, as he preſſes thro' the buſy ſtreets,
At ev'ry ſtep his pulſe more wildly beats.
On paſſing crowds his prying looks were thrown,—
But all, alas! were equally unknown!

Tho' he at length, explor'd his weary way,
To where, of old, his heart's whole treaſure lay!
In vain he keenly ſearches round and round,
Not one familiar object could be found!
Here his once happy, humble dwelling ſtood,
Where he had fondly rear'd his infant brood
He finds it now no more—but, in its ſtead,
A marble palace rears its haughty head.
No neighb'ring roof the lonely ſtranger knows
In diff'rent models modern manſions roſe.
No friendly face could memory recal;—
Alike unknowing, and unknown to all!

SPURN'D from the gaudy portico away,
Before the gate deſpondingly there lay
A hoary wretch, whom ſplendor, paſſing by,
Had never honour'd with a pitying ſigh;
Whoſe plaints, unheeded, could no ear engage,
Nor gain a pittance to his helpleſs age.

Tho' grandeur had no pity to beſtow,
Alcander felt, from ſympathy, his woe;
Nor only ey'd his ſuff'rings with a tear,
But, of his prince's bounty, gave him ſhare.
He, in return, theſe dreadful tidings gave:
Alcander's ſpouſe had ſorrow'd to the grave;
A ling'ring death at laſt had laid her low,—
An equal ſacrifice to want and woe.
In diſtant climes his ſcatter'd offspring roam,
To ſeek a maintenance denied at home.
Of all that had an int'reſt in his heart,
Abſence had ſome, but death the greater part.

PLUNG'D in deſpair, from hope's moſt tow'ring height,
The aged mourner execrates the light:
Straight to the palace of his prince he goes—
Alas! no prince could mitigate his woes!
His rev'rend aſpect, and his hoary hair,
And grief ſo ſtrongly pictur'd in his air,

A quick admiſſion to his ſov'reign find,
Whoſe firſt ambition was to bleſs mankind.
Before the throne the proſtrate ſuppliant cries:
" Reſume, great prince, the gift I cannot prize!
" Miſtaken mercy ſet the captive free—
" But freedom has no happineſs for me!
" Tho' ſtreams of bliſs around me ſeem to roll,
" A thirſt, I cannot quench, conſumes my ſoul!
" My wife, my friends, my progeny, are gone;
" And, 'midſt theſe multitudes, I 'm left alone!
" The crowded city, where thy millions dwell,
" To me is ſolitary as my cell!
" Secluded *there* from ev'ry ſcornful eye,
" Unſeen my tears might flow, unheard my ſigh;
" Amidſt eternal gloom ſequeſter'd there,
" I'll ſee no happineſs I cannot ſhare;
" And, in my ſolitude, the leſs repine
" That ſocial pleaſures can no more be mine.
" The diſmal dungeon, I ſo long have known,
" Is *now* the only home I e'er can own;

" Ah!

"Ah! let me *there* life's feeble remnant waſte,
"And take the liberty I cannot taſte!"

. . . . . .

SURPRIZ'D the monarch heard the piteous pray'r,
And ſeal'd his acquieſcence with a tear.

. . . . . .

So ſtrong, ſo ſweet, the tender ſocial ties,
The bliſs of liberty without them dies;
While the dark dungeon may delightful prove,
If ſooth'd with the ſociety we love*!

* By the bye, there is ſomething ſelfiſh in this laſt ſentiment.—It puts me a little in mind of the Sailor's letter to his friends, informing them that he was deep in a lungeon, and that he hoped his few lines ſhould find them n the ſame.

TO

TO FLORELLA.

"AH! why delay the long-expected boon?—
"The gift is doubled that is granted ſoon!"
So, dear FLORELLA, have I ſaid before,
And tell it thee, ſweet infidel, once more.
Its truth incontrovertible will prove
In all our wiſhes—but moſt ſtrong in love.
For coldneſs cures, no leſs than kindneſs cloys,
And paſſion only gives extatic joys.
The prudiſh maid, who makes the lover wait,
Confers no favour—when it comes too late.
Ah! why the glowing happineſs delay?—
'Twere faint to-morrow—but 'twere fierce to-d

TO THE SAME.

THE brute, when with fruition cloy'd,
Deſerts the mate he has enjoy'd;
The ſhort-liv'd bliſs inſpires no ſenſe
Of obligation due from thence.

But man, of feelings more refin'd,
When beauty is completely kind,
Altho' enjoyment quench deſire,
From gratitude revives the fire.

Then haſte, FLORELLA! haſte, my dear!
Nor fear to find a falſehood here!
For, ſhould fierce paſſion ceaſe to glow,
I'll ſtill return the joys I owe.

TO THE
QUEEN CHARLOTTE
PACKET-BOAT,
GETTING UNDER WEIGH FOR ENGLAND

Jamaica, Oct. 4. 1784.

HAIL! happy bark, whoſe joyous ſails
Are ſpread to meet the welcome gales!
How ſweet the beating billows roar,
That waft thee to Britannia's ſhore!

Like her whoſe royal name you bear,
From many a cheek go wipe a tear!
Like her to troubled minds give peace,
And bid the ſobs of ſorrow ceaſe!

Haſte, friendly bark, acroſs the main,
To ſoothe each anxious parent's pain!
Speak comfort to each feeling heart,
That knows the worſt of pangs—*to part!*

Ah! ſoftly ſoothe each virgin's ear,
Who mourns her lover exil'd here*!
This pray'r I breathe, from int'reſt free—
No brilliant eye is dimm'd for me!

But haſte! ah kindly haſte! to tell
Thoſe tender hearts I love ſo well,
That friendſhip undiminiſh'd glows,—
The higheſt bliſs my boſom knows!

But can thy utmoſt pow'rs diſplay
One half my fault'ring lips would ſay?
Thou canſt not ſpeak like paſſion's eye,
Nor paint the cheek of changing dye!

* I am far from intending any diſadvantageous, or unjuſt reflection on this beautiful iſland—my meaning is, that the moſt delightful region may be conſidered as a place of baniſhment, when ſeparated from thoſe we love.

Tho' feeble be thy utmoſt ſkill,
Yet, gentle bark, exert it ſtill!
Ah! may no adverſe breezes blow,
While on the wings of love you go!

Ah! may no envious rocks betray!
Nor ſtorms impede thy friendly way!
Safe o'er the bounding billows bore,
Haſte, happy bark, to Britain's ſhore!

TO VANISSA.

VANISSA, when your lovers vow
To be for ever fond as now,
Believe not what romancers ſay,
Who only flatter to betray!
Eternity, in love, my dear,
Is little longer than the year.

TO THE SAME.

SHALL fleeting beauty ſeek eternal ſway?
Then bid that beauty never feel decay!
And, when you flouriſh in immortal youth,
Expect eternal conſtancy and truth!

SONG.

NO garbs more oppoſite appear
Than thoſe I 'd wiſh my love to wear:
To others let her ſeem ſo cold,
To awe the boldeſt of the bold!

But when alone with love and me,
Be ſhe the freeſt of the free!
And let her, loſt in am'rous play,
To each laſcivious wiſh give way!

Nor let the wanton nymph conceal
The genial bliſs ſhe joys to feel;
But all her ſoul to love reſign,
And by her joys redouble mine!

To Cupid ſuch my pray'r ſhould be,
And ſuch the motley nymph for me!
Give me DIANA, while 'tis light!
But give me VENUS all the night!

TO THE SUN.

Jamaica, October, 1784.

NOW from BRITANNIA's chilly ſhore
Thou haſt withdrawn thy ſummer's ray;
Her natives now thy ſmiles deplore,
And grieve to ſee thee roll away.

The wither'd leaf, the fading flow'r,
Grim winter's near approach foretell;
The BRITON dreads his frigid pow'r,
And longs in warmer climes to dwell;

In regions of the torrid zone,
Where everlaſting ſummer reigns,
Bright realms that PHOEBUS calls his own,
Gay groves, and ever-verdant plains.

The mountaineer but little knows,
Who ſhivers on the northern heath,
That health is mingled with his ſnows,
And that thy near approach is death!

Ah! glorious luminary, why
Thus dart on *us* thy fierceſt beams?
While underneath a *northern* ſky
Thy feebleſt ray delightful ſeems.

Withdraw,

Withdraw, bright pow'r, thy deadly ſmile,
Whoſe fervour pierces to the ſoul!
Let gloomy clouds o'erſpread the iſle!
Let torrents pour, and thunders roll!

Tho' the big winds in tempeſts roar,
And the keen lightnings fiercely fly,
The ſtorms, that rage from ſhore to ſhore,
Are milder than thy cloudleſs ſky!

EXTEMPORE.

IF fortune ſmile, I'll meet the nymph with jo
But never mind her, if the jade be coy!
To groveling cares I'll be no more a prey—
With my *Segar*, I'll puff them all away!

A SOLDIER's SONG.

)W ſweet the hours of paſſion's ſleep!
eart to ache, no eye to weep!
/ild impatience of delay,
/iſh the weary hours away!

› fev'riſh heat, that fires the brain!
lood, that ſwells the boiling vein!
ond deſire, no looſe delight,
:eal the ſlumbers of the night!

here-e'er by Fate he 's doom'd to go,
ſultry ſands, or hills of ſnow;
t rudeſt winds, and rougheſt ſeas,
heart of freedom feels at eaſe!

Then,

Then, ſince uncertain is our fate,
Be ſuch the ſoldier's careleſs ſtate!
Still be he maſter of his mind,
Nor feel a wiſh to lag behind!

By am'rous fetters ſlightly bound,
When drums ſhall beat, and fifes ſhall ſound
Let parting pangs no heart appal,
But welcome be the gen'ral's call!

As round the world we widely roam,
And know no lazy, laſting home,
Be ſtill, while thus we reſtleſs rove,
The route the remedy for love!

A VINDICATION
OF THE PRESENT AGE.

Jamaica, ——, 1784.

)' hoary fools, and antient virgins ſay,
: *wicked world degen'rates ev'ry day ;*'
in ſpite of them, will not allow,
e'er the world was better than 'tis now ;—
on my conſcience! I have often ſwore,
orld was never half ſo good before.
'rend babblers (*rev'rend* from your age)
ut your eyes o'er the hiſtoric page,
ell me when ſo bright has virtue ſhone,
I wiſh to change the æra with our own!

s our firſt parents left their hopeful brood,
ſaw their hands embru'd in brother's blood.
ll the chronicles of antient times
ut the ſhocking catalogues of crimes.

In vain the ROMAN virtues you diſplay—
The *virtuous* ROMANS—who the deuce were they?
Begot in raviſhment, in rapine bred,
Narrow their bounds, and thin the tribes they led!
Some rigid virtues ſtill we muſt extol,
Zeal for the ſtate, and ſteadineſs of ſoul;
But is the *world* depicted to our view
By one ſmall *town*, that ITALY ſcarce knew?
To aggrandize this paultry pow'r they vied,
And grew the foes of all mankind beſide.
You praiſe their abſtinence, and ſimple fare;—
I ſay, that poverty preſided there:
So, the poor IRISHMAN potatoes rear,
And oatmeal makes a HIGHLANDER good chear;
Yet when in happier lands they find relief,
They play the glutton on good ENGLISH beef.
The CARTHAGINIANS ſcal'd the ALPINE hills,
Unaw'd by all the elemental ills;
Nor thirſt, nor hunger ever could ſubdue
The temp'rate HANNIBAL's abſtemious crew;

Yet

Yet never alderman lov'd turtle more,
Than they the dainties CAPUA had in ſtore.
When ROME in all her pageantry we find,
The proud, deſpotic miſtreſs of mankind,
Say, can you emulate, in modern days,
The horrid ſcenes her hiſtory diſplays?
On the ſame couch with luxury there lay
Malice to ſtab, and falſehood to betray!
Where pleaſure glided her voluptuous flood,
Her lucid fountains mix'd with ſtreams of blood!

OR, would you wiſh thoſe GOTHIC days again,
When ſavage hords o'erpow'r'd the ROMAN reign;
Nor only bath'd in blood imperial ROME,
But buried ſcience in the tyrant's tomb?

OR, caſt your mem'ry on that vagrant band,
Whom GOD himſelf had led to promis'd land,
And thank your ſtars that never modern ſees,
A race of ſcoundrels half ſo bad as theſe!

Or, are thoſe times acceptable to you,
Your wretched anceſtors in Britain knew;
When kindred ſtates eternal variance kept,
When war ne'er ceas'd, and rancour never ſlept?
Say, would you with thoſe ſavage days reſtor'd,
When fiery clans obey'd a factious lord;
Ere haughty ſouls acknowledg'd civil laws,
But brutal ſtrength decided every cauſe;
Ere ruthleſs war as yet had learn'd to ſpare
The vanquiſh'd combatant, or captive fair?

Can you admire the madneſs of the age,
That gave knights-errant the cruſading rage;
And bade thoſe venerable ruffians roam,
To find a death far diſtant from their home?
With holy phrenzy thoſe fanatics flew,
To murder nations whom they never knew;
And vainly fancied this the faireſt road
To Heav'nly Grace, to Glory, and to God.

Or,

Or, do you ſtile the gloomy age divine,
When ſuperſtition ſtain'd the bloody ſhrine;
When bigot tyrants had at once confin'd
By chains the body, and by fears the mind?
Each ſect had found a paſſage of their own,
A narrow path, which led to heav'n alone;
For fruitleſs faiths fanatic furies fought,
And barr'd all others but the gate they ſought.
Religion (holy, proſtituted name!)
Led to the ſtake, and lighted up the flame!
Then prieſts were cruel, ignorant, and blind,
The peſts, and not the paſtors, of mankind;
Thoſe ſullen zealots little underſtood,
That *true religion lies in doing good.*
Good ſenſe, and ſound philoſophy muſt ſay,
Be this accompliſh'd, what avails the way?

What horrid vices brand the preſent age,
Which thus the dotard views with groundleſs rage?

We

We take our bottle freely, I 'll agree,
But bloody VANDALS drank as hard as we.
We love a wench as much, perhaps,—*not more*
Than prophets, prieſts, and patriarchs before
The wildeſt buck that riots it in red,
Whores leſs by half than holy DAVID did;
Wiſdom, indeed, is not the ſoldier's prize,
Yet he is chaſte to SOLOMON the *wiſe*.
A ruffian ſtill may rob the rich man's ſtore;
But realms were pillag'd in the days of yore—
(Or, if ſuch rapine ſtain our latter times,
Purſue Europeans over INDIAN climes!)
A ſingle villain now may ſtrike a blow,
Where nations bled ſome centuries ago;
One fooliſh ſectary his zeal diſplays,
Where half a people felt the fires to blaze.
Tho' ſtill ambition amongſt men prevail,
Yet now no more are empires ſet to ſale.
Tho' lawyers ſtill will quibble for a fee,
Yet juſtice ſometimes dictates the decree.

T.

Tho' ſoldiers rather fight for pay than not,
For pay alone they ſeldom *cut a throat* *.
No deſpot now the body can control,—
Far leſs impoſe his ſhackles on the ſoul.

SUCH is, at leaſt, the ſtate that BRITONS ſee;
And may, like BRITONS, all mankind be free!
Whatever tint the hand of Heav'n embrue,
The white, the ſallow, or the ſable hue,
Again be granted to each burden'd ſlave,
The gift of liberty that Nature gave †!
For even now, I own it with a ſigh,
A crowd of wretches meet my pitying eye!
I could almoſt, at ſuch a horrid view,
Deſert my cauſe, and curſe the age like you.

* The printers of a Kingſton newſpaper have lately had the audacity to term us, "*the cut-throat minions of arbitrary power.*"

† This is the idle wiſh of benevolence, which can never poſſibly be gratified.

Yet

Yet when I take a retroſpect again,
Of millions fetter'd, and of millions ſlain,
I find, comparatively, bondage o'er,—
For one now bows, where thouſands bent before.

THEN ceaſe, grave graybeards, falſely, to accuſe
This lib'ral age of ſcience, and the Muſe!
This gentle age, that venerates the fair!
When vice is poliſh'd, and when crimes are rare;
When ſuperſtition ſhrinks from public view;
And war himſelf aſſumes a ſofter hue.
The world is bad (to let the truth be told;)
But never was it half ſo good of old *.

* I could have enlarged a good deal upon this ſubject, had I poſſeſſed the requiſites of patience and perſeverance. The above is a haſty production, as mine generally are; the whole of it, except the digreſſion on ſlavery, having been written one evening after tattoo beating, over a glaſs of grog and a ſegar.

SONG.

SONG.

THERE was a time I loath'd the light,
That gave not DAPHNE to my ſight;
To me how tedious was the day,
Unleſs on DAPHNE's breaſt I lay!

Alone, how irkſome was the night!
But, ſpent with DAPHNE, all delight!
My DAPHNE was my only dream,
My life, my ſoul, my thought, my theme!

But reaſon ſoon return'd again,
And fleeting was fair DAPHNE's reign!
The fierceſt paſſion's ſooneſt paſt,
And love, *too laviſh*, will not laſt!

When deareſt DAPHNE was away,
I 've curs'd each moment of her ſtay;—
Yet year has follow'd after year,
And DAPHNE never coſt a tear.

To other nymphs I 've tun'd my lays,—
But not a line to DAPHNE's praiſe.
With whatſoever fair I toy,
No thought of DAPHNE damps my joy.

My lips have long forgot her name,
And not a ſigh for DAPHNE came;
No DAPHNE in my heart I find;—
Nay, ſcarce a DAPHNE in my mind.

ALMASSA

ALMASSA ALI CAWN
TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY SERVANT OF THE MOST POWERFUL PRINCE, GEORGE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

UNTO the wiſe, magnificent, and great,
The mighty Maſter of her ALI's fate,
(Mild be thy heart, and merciful thine ear!)
The humbleſt ſlave of miſery draws near!

So, may thy GOD eternal bleſſings ſhow'r,
And crown thee ever with increaſing pow'r;
Around thy head the ſun of glory ſhine,
And ſplendor, wealth, and happineſs be thine!
Wide to thy race the gates of joy be ſpread,
And paths of pleaſure let them ever tread!
May never ſorrow damp thy day's delight!
Nor cares diſturb the ſlumbers of thy night!

Let ſoft repoſe thy ſilken ſopha ſeek,
And peace ſtill preſs her pillow to thy cheek!
And oft as ſleep ſhall ſeal thy tearleſs eyes,
Imagination give thee all her joys!
In times far diſtant, when, from length of years,
The peaceful ev'ning of thy life appears,
When death his curtain gently ſeems to cloſe
Around its foundeſt and its laſt repoſe,
Let watchful angels, with the tend'reſt care,
Sigh ſoftly round, and breathe a fragrant air!
And let them guard thee from each ruder blaſt,
That might extinguiſh glimm'ring life too faſt!
When thou ſhalt gently yield thy parting breath,
Let the ſoft ſeraphs ſoothe the ſtroke of death!
And let them waft thee to thy CHRISTIAN GOD,
Where-e'er he fixes his ſublime abode!
There may'ſt thou bathe thee amidſt floods of joy,
Which never terminate, and never cloy!

OH!

OH! then, compaſſionately hear my pray'r!—
ıe voice of ſorrow urges thee to ſpare!
ı! mingle grandeur with a ſofter grace,
ıd ſpare the father of my infant race!
ıe faithful huſband of the fondeſt wife,—
, all that 's dear—oh ſave my ALI's life!
ı think that ALMAS is by blood unſtain'd!
no iniquity his wealth was gain'd!—
ɔm a long line of anceſtors it came,
ſpotleſs virtue, and illuſtrious name;
ho here, in ſafety, held their native ſtore,
e EUROPE's ſons moleſted INDIA's ſhore!
d reap'd, in peace, HINDOSTAN's fertile plains,
e BRITAIN's thunder barr'd our fathers reigns!

THY GOD, who tells thee that "*Thou ſhalt not*
's not the blood of innocence to ſpill; [*kill,*"
ſerve the precept thine own law has given,
d yield obedience to the will of Heaven!

GIVE

GIVE me my ALMAS! give me back my lord!
Let but my children's father be reſtor'd!—
Then take whate'er thine avarice can crave!
The fatal treaſures which our fathers gave!
Take ev'ry jewel! ſeize on ev'ry gem!
Our gold and ſilver!—ſate thyſelf with them!
Oh! take from gratitude, what force can give—
But let my lord, my love, my ALMAS live!
For round his heart the milk of kindneſs flows,
And in his eye the fire of virtue glows!
My helpleſs children, *Ali's* children, pray
Thou wilt not take their father's life away!
By the humanity, you oft proclaim,
That glows within the fair EUROPEAN frame!
(And, ſure! ſome goodneſs under forms muſt lie,
That ſuit the native children of the ſky!)
By BRITISH generoſity of ſoul,
That will not *bear* (nor, ſurely! *give*) control!

By

By all the virtues of thy BRITISH QUEEN!
Her ſpotleſs life, her innocence ſerene!
Her num'rous offspring, her maternal love!—
By whatſoever has the pow'r to move!
Oh! let my children's tears their ſire obtain,
And give my huſband to my arms again!
Nor let the inſtrument of death deſtroy
His lovely form, the ſource of all my joy!
Thro' deſert paths, contentedly we 'll roam,
Or make the humbleſt hut our happy home!
Or we will till thoſe fields, without a groan,
My lordly ALMAS once could call his own!
(Thoſe fruitful fields too rich a harveſt bore,
That tempted BRITONS to our peaceful ſhore!)
Give us my love, we 'll bleſs the loweſt ſtate,
Nor once remember we were rich and great!

THY

THY GOD will bleſs, thy country muſt approve,
And we ſhall praiſe thee with the lips of love.*

ON PERUSING

A PLAN OF EDUCATION

PROPOSED BY

A VERY GREAT AND LEARNED MAN.

WHAT idle theories amuſe the wiſe,
Which common ſenſe had taught them to deſpiſe!
The deepeſt wiſdom often has deviſ'd,
What folly ſees could ne'er be realiz'd.
Forgive, Philoſopher, the humble lays,
That dare detract one atom from thy praiſe!

* The above is little more than a verſification of the letter publiſhed in the papers, as a literal tranſlation of the original ſaid to have been written by this unfortunate princeſs to Governor H——.

But

But when this ſyſtem you profoundly drew,
This trifling circumſtance eſcap'd your view,
That life is fleeting, when it longeſt wears,—
And never reaches near a *thouſand years*.
Thro' wakeful nights, and ſedentary days,
The man of ſtudy rapidly decays!

WHY ſhould a lifetime vainly be employ'd,
In queſt of knowledge, ne'er to be enjoy'd?
Why ſcience after ſcience ſtill acquire,
Until the ſeaſon of their uſe expire?
Once in an age a prodigy may riſe,
Alike ſucceſsful, whatſoe'er he tries;
Yet, tho' to one ſuch faculties ſhould fall,
Life were too ſhort to proſecute them all!
Moſt, by attention, may ſome taſks ſubdue;
But facile genius falls but to a few.

SHOULD half mankind ſagaciouſly purſue
The plan of ſtudy here laid down by you,

What could ſociety derive from theſe,
Their mental labour, and corporeal eaſe?
If for themſelves, their ſtudy's vain indeed!
Were all to publiſh, who the deuce would read?
The few of great abilities poſſeſs'd,
In juſtice, ought to ſtudy for the reſt.
But were the greater number of mankind
In cloſets, or in colleges confin'd;
Who, then, were found for bus'neſs, or command
To ſcour the ocean, or defend the land?
Did each alike make ev'ry art his own,
Who would deſcend to practiſe one alone?
Then, loſt in learning, commerce were no more,
For lazy ſchoolmen loiter on the ſhore.
Would proud Philoſophy himſelf degrade
In manufactures, or in ſordid trade?
Then might each humbler, uſeful art ſtand ſtill,
While ev'ry pedant plied the pompous quill.

PURSUING

PURSUING knowledge he can never uſe,
Thro' vague hypotheſis, and points abſtruſe,
The anxious ſcholar waſtes his life away,
Without a moment either glad or gay!
He has no leiſure minutes to beſtow,
To pity, or perceive another's woe;
Far leſs the time, tho' fortune ſhould allow,
To ſoften want, or ſmooth the wretch's brow;
From worldly cares abſtracting all his mind,
Is he the benefactor of mankind?

How can his vanity pretend to teach
A kind of knowledge he can never reach?
He, whoſe recluſe, unvaried hours ſlip on,
'Midſt muſty volumes, ſilent, and alone;
Too ſelf-opinionated, and too proud,
To condeſcend to mingle with the crowd;
Has he, whate'er his dumb preceptors tell,
Acceſs to ſtudy human nature well?

Or of the paſſions properly decide,
Whoſe only paſſion is pedantic pride?

He loſes life, to purchaſe, after all,
Attainments ſtill comparatively ſmall!
Ere he acquire one tenth he had propos'd,
The ſchemes of vanity in death are clos'd!
If after death, no future ſtate remain'd,
To little purpoſe all he had attain'd!
To brighter regions if the ſpirit flies,
Could he improve the knowledge of the ſkies?

Instead of wiſdom, give me common-ſenſe—
Not learning purchas'd at a life's expence!
Before all joys that knowledge can impart,
Be mine to comfort one afflicted heart!

Give

Give me the ſcience, to my ſoul ſo dear,
To leave a tranſport where I found a tear*!
And give me ſtill, where-e'er my ſteps I bend,
That beſt of bleſſings, a deſerving friend!
They who from wiſdom never deign to ſtray,
May tread a ſafe, but not a pleaſant way;
To deviate far, endangers our retreat,—
But well-tim'd folly is extremely ſweet!
Let me ne'er wander very far aſtray—
Yet ſtill with folly let me ſometimes play!
Give me the gay, exhilarating bowl,
The harmleſs frolic, and the ſocial ſoul!

* Conſider, oh Son of Humanity! if thou haſt not ſometimes done the reverſe, and, "where thou foundeſt a tranſport, left a tear?"—We generally *write* in the ſober moments of reflection, but, unfortunately, *act* too often under the influence of paſſion.—John the Bard, and Jack the Buck, are too very oppoſite characters.

But

But of all follies, be it mine to prove
The fierceſt raptures of ſucceſsful love!
Give me, ye gods, enjoyments ſuch as theſe—
And let them be philoſophers who pleaſe!

SONG.

THE love, my LESBIA, ne'er was ſtrong,
That found a vent in flatt'ring ſong;
The heart is cold, the pulſe is ſtill,
That guide the moſt impaſſion'd quill.

But *we*, my LESBIA, have no time,
No pauſe of joy, to ſpare for rhyme;
Yet ev'ry glowing kiſs can tell
I love my LESBIA wond'rous well!

The

The feeble paſſion, dull and drear,
That glimmers on from year to year;
The flame that faintly fires the heart,
May want the Poet's fulſome art:

But *ours*, the child of fierce deſires,
That brightly burns, but ſoon expires,
In bliſs that words could ne'er convey,
Tho' faſt, ſhall fondly waſte away!

Confound the Muſe that dare deſtroy
One moment big with genial joy!
By this! and this, with love replete!
No verſe was ever half ſo ſweet!

By this! and this! and this again!
Believe me, LESBIA, verſe is vain!
Let ſonnets tickle SYLVIA's ear—
I'll tell thee ſomething more ſincere!

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

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